Deus Nobiſcum.

OR,

A SERMON

Preached upon

A GREAT DELIVERANCE AT SEA.

WITH

A NARRATIVE ANNEXED.

By WILLIAM JOHNSON Rector of *Warbois* in *Huntingdon-ſhire.*

Pſal. 107. 29.

He maketh the ſtorm a calm, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Fleſher* for *Octavian Pullyn* at the Roſe in S. *Pauls* Church-yard.
MDCLIX.

RB 23 a. 8734

15.10.80

TO
The Honourable Society of the East-Countrey Merchants resident in *England*, *Dantzick*, *Koningsberg*, and elsewhere.

Worthy friend,

I Am led to honour your Society, not by the hasty choice and election of the Will, which oftentimes is transported with passion, and loves without any merit; but by the rationall and understanding part, which hath a long time perfectly known and understood your many excellencies, that I cannot chuse but love and honour your Society.

Neither are you beholding to any for the reſpect they give, or rather pay you, but to your own merit, to which it is due. You are not like Solomon's *Merchants, thoſe I mean that brought over Apes and Peacocks; but you furniſh this Iſland with ſuch ſtaple Commodities, that ye have made* London *as famous as that City of* Tyre, *that* crowning City, whoſe Merchants are Princes, and whoſe Trafickers are the honourable of the Earth. *There is as much difference between the trade of thoſe worthy Merchants that furniſh us with ſpices, plums and taffaties, and our Eaſt-Countrey trade that brings us in Maſts, materialls for Cordage, and neceſſaries for Shipping, as there is in Religion between Ceremonies & Fundamentals. Spices and ſuch things are pretty ornaments and Ceremoniall ſupplements to our well-being: But our Eaſt-Countrey Commodities are thoſe which doe conſtitute the Being, and lay the foundation of a rich and flouriſhing Commonwealth. And without them,*

if

if not the Art, yet the practice of Navigation would be loſt among us. For we cannot ſail to the Indies *in a Nutmeg, embarque our ſelves in Cinnamon, make a Maſt of a Race of Ginger, and wing our ſhips with Taffaty. No, it is our Eaſt-Countrey trade that doth furniſh us with theſe abſolute neceſſaries for navigation, and is indeed the very principle and foundation of all Merchandize, and like a maſter-wheel in a Watch, ſets all other on work. So that what goods are brought into this Nation, may be ſaid principally and primarily to be imported by your aid and aſſiſtance, though fetch'd hither by the hands of others.*

This is a general good, and obligeth every one to honour you: But I have an argument of an higher nature, which doth diſpute and convince my affections into an high eſteem and reputation of your Society.

Your Company in Pruſſia *were the firſt that call'd me to the exerciſe of my Miniſteriall function, being the*

firſt charge that ever I undertook to preach to: And had I not been forc'd to come into England *by an Obligation which I could not in conſcience break, I had rather have parted with my Life then them: for they were, as the Apoſtle writes to the Philippians*, my hope, my joy and crown of rejoicing in the Lord Jeſus.

That I had a deſire again to come unto them, witneſs thoſe many ſufferings, loſſes, ſhipwrecks, fears, ſtraights, dangers, deaths that I did undergoe in that ſecond adventure; and for the Love I bear them, am willing to repeat them over again, not in words onely, but in real ſufferings, ſo I might be any way ſerviceable for the good and ſalvation of their Souls.

But ſome will ſay to me, Why would you venture to Sea again, ſeeing you have ſo often found the ſhip unſafe, the mariners fearfull, the winds treacherous, and the waves rebellious?

I anſwer, If God call me to it, I ſhall not fear the frowns of Neptune, *nor the*

the crooked face of an angry tempeſt. It was a brave Spirit of that Romane, who being to undergo a dangerous voyage at Sea for the Service of his Countrey, being diſſwaded from it, made this anſwer, πλεῖν ἀνάγκη, ζῆν οὐκ ἀνάγκη, It is neceſſary *for me* to ſail, *but* it is not neceſſary *for me* to live. *And it was a noble and Vertuous reſolution in another, who ſaid, if he were commanded to put forth to Sea in a ſhip that neither had Maſts nor Tackling, he would doe it; and being ask'd what wiſedome that was, replied*--The wiſedome muſt be in him that hath power to command, not in him whoſe conſcience binds to obey. *When the ſervice of God calls us to haẓard our lives, why ſhould we not be willing to ſacrifice them?* Quid revolvis? Deus præcipit, *ſaith* Tertullian. *If Chriſt ſhould call me to Sea again, why ſhould I be more afraid to goe aboard a ſtately ſhip, then S.* Peter *was to walk upon the very waves, when Chriſt call'd him to come to him?*

But ſeeing God would not let me go to Tarſus, *but ſent me back in an angry and furious tempeſt, and made me a preacher of repentance in this place, I ſhall ſerve you in my devotions, and, as the Apoſtle ſaies,* make mention alwaies of you in my prayers, *that ye may be like that wiſe Merchant in the Goſpel, who* when he had found one Pearl of great Value, ſold all and bought that Pearl, which was the Kingdome of Heaven.

The firſt that ſought after Chriſt, and (when they had found him) preſented him with gifts, were the Wiſe men that came from the Eaſt. They preſented to him Gold, Frankincenſe, and Myrrhe: I ſhould be glad it might be ſaid ſo of you, that goe to and from the Eaſt. I wiſh with all my heart, that ye would firſt ſeek after Chriſt Jeſus, and when ye have found him out, being guided to him by the ſtar of your Faith, that then ye offer up to him the ſacrifice of a cheerful obedience, in a true and faithful Service of him;

and

and that will be as ſweet and as acceptable to our Saviour, as the gifts of thoſe Chaldean or Arabian Aſtronomers, their Gold, Frankincenſe and Myrrhe, or all the riches of the Eaſt.

So prayeth,

Sirs,

Your poor Oratour and humble Servant,

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

From my ſtudy in *Warbois*, *April* 6. 1659.

A SERMON Preached Upon a *great Deliverance* at SEA.

Pſal. 91. 15.

Yea I am with him in trouble, I will deliver him and bring him to Honour. Or,

I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

THIS Pſalm is a Pſalm of Conſolation, of heavenly Conſolation, which is above the joyes and felicities of this world. For Spiritual joy, like a precious Jewel ſet in the midſt, out-ſhines all temporal comforts and worldly bleſſings. In the whole ſphere of *David*'s Pſalms, there ſhines not

not a brighter Star of Conſolation. One calls it a Pſalm of aſſurance to thoſe that truſt in God: neither can there be a greater Cordial in grace, then the aſſurance of Gods love. It is like the bleſſing of a good Conſcience, a perpetual Feaſt, an abiding Comfort, a dwelling Conſolation. *Beza* confeſſeth, that when he had left his own Countrey, and all that he had, one and thirty years, that he might more freely ſerve *Jeſus Chriſt*; it came to paſs the firſt time he entred into the publick aſſembly, that the company did ſing this Pſalm: by the ſinging whereof, as though he had heard God calling him in particular, he felt himſelf ſo comforted, that he kept it ever after engraven in his heart. The Soul of man, if it be well ſanctified, might take as much pleaſure in reading this Pſalm, as *Adam* did in walking in Paradiſe, even in the ſtate of his Innocency, when the garden was in her prime and perfection, in all her greens and ſweetneſs.

neſs. For the beds of new-blown Roſes, and banks of morning Violets, hills of Frankincenſe, and mountains of Camphire, cannot be ſweeter to our ſenſe, then this Pſalm is to the Soul of an afflicted child of God. I doe confeſs, I doe love to read it, as an hungry man loves to eat his meat; for beſide the nouriſhment and food I receive from it, my Soul is ſatisfied and raviſhed with divine pleaſure. For as it is a great Cordial, ſo it is given us in a cup of Gold, and this bleſſed fountain of Conſolation runs to us in Silver ſtreams of divine Eloquence. *Mollerus* calls it *Pulcherrimum exemplar Eloquentiæ*, a *beautiful picture* and *pattern of* divine *Eloquence*. Look over the whole Pſalm, and you ſhall finde it every where enrich'd with ſweet Allegories, and adorned with delicious Metaphors, which the holy Spirit uſeth, to repreſent the deerneſs and love of God to his afflicted Children, that they might be not onely comforted, but delighted with

his

his ſweetneſs and enamour'd with his goodneſs. How moſt elegantly is Gods care of the ſafety of his children preſented to us in divine Rhetorick, verſe 4. *He ſhall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings thou ſhalt truſt?* The very ſame Allegory doth our Bleſſed Saviour ſanctifie with his own lips, when he bewails the preſent ſin and the approaching ruine of *Jeruſalem: O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, thou that killeſt the Prophets, and ſtoneſt them that are ſent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as an hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not?* The greateſt Emblem of love and ſafety in all Nature. And as if this had not been kindneſs enough, God further promiſeth, v. 11. that he will ſend his own royal guard, the Militia of Heaven, his holy and glorious Angels, to be our Guardians, *He ſhall give his Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy waies; they ſhall bear thee up in their hands, leſt thou*

thou dash thy foot against a stone. Even as a tender Mother hath a care of her Sucking child, or as a Nurse cherisheth her Children. And as if that had been too little, he himself will be with them not in their high estate onely, but in their meanest condition. *I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.*

My Text consists of two parts:

1. The Estate and Condition of Gods Children on Earth, which is a troubled and afflicted Condition, they are *in troubles.*

2. God's care and love to his Children in that condition, expressed by a threefold promise.

First, there is *Promissum præsentiæ, a promise of his presence, I will be with him,* and according to the old Translation set down in the present tense, *yea I am with him in trouble;* as God's promises are often in the Scripture, to shew both the speed and certainty of the things promised.

Secondly, *Promissum liberationis, a promise*

promiſe of deliverance ; I will deliver him.

Thirdly, *Promiſſum recompenſationis, a promiſe of reward and recompence ; I will honour him.* And what can an afflicted ſoul deſire more in his troubles, then the Preſence of God to comfort him, the Power of God to deliver him, and the Goodneſs of God to recompenſe him? Who would not be miſerable on ſuch conditions, and afflicted on ſuch promiſes?

Firſt, of the State and Condition of Gods Children here upon earth, which is a troubled ſtate, an afflicted condition. *Few and evil have the daies of my life been*, ſaith good old *Jacob*, *Gen.* 47. and yet he was the choſen and beloved child of God. *Jacob have I loved*, ſaith God, *but Eſau have I hated*, *Rom.* 9. 13. and yet this choſen one, and precious veſſel of Election, was filled up to the brim with the very gall and bitterneſs of affliction. He was ſequeſtred from all the comforts of this life, baniſh'd from

from his own houſe and home, forc'd to flee from the knees of his aged and dying Father, and likewiſe from the boſome of his beloved Mother, hated of his Brother *Eſau*, going on Pilgrimage with his Staff and Scrip onely; ſometimes the cold Earth was his bed, a Stone his pillow, *Gen.* 28. 11. And after all this (which was before it in bitterneſs) he was forced for a meer livelyhood and ſuſtenance, to ſerve an Idolater in a ſtrange land many years. Nothing ſure can be more grievous to a true Child of God.

And as we have ſeen this in *Jacob*, in his perſon, ſo we may behold it in his Poſterity; for even the Sons of *Jacob* poſſeſs'd their Father's ſorrow as well as his ſubſtance, and were Inheritors of both. But to tell you of all their troubles and afflictions, were to leade you in a wilderneſs. And yet theſe people were God's own people, his *portion* and *the lot of his inheritance*, his *anointed and chief treaſure*;

and as the Prophet *Iſaiah* calls them, *the friends of God.* There were no people dwelt ſo near, and in the very boſome of God, as theſe people; and yet no people felt ſo much the hand of God, not in embraces, but chaſtiſements.

But you will ſay, this was in the time of the Law, in the time of the Goſpel we ſhall ſee better dayes: when *the day doth ſpring from on high and viſit us*, then ſure we ſhall all be clothed with the beams of that *Sun of righteouſneſs*, and ſhall ſhine in the bright garments of joy and gladneſs. No, in reſpect of temporal bleſſings it will be far worſe with God's children then in the time of the Law. Then they ſhall meet with dayes black and dark as death it ſelf: for as one ſayes ingeniouſly, *Proſperity is the bleſsing of the Old Teſtament, Adverſity the bleſsing of the New.* In the time of the Law the rewards of faith and obedience were wealth and worldly proſperity; then God ſaid

to *Moſes*, *I will make of thee a great Nation.* But in the Goſpel our Saviour ſayes, *My flock* it is a *little* one. Again, in the time of the Law, God bleſſed faithfull *Abraham* with a promiſe of plenty and abundance, *All the land thou ſeeſt, to thee will I give it, and to thy ſeed for ever*, Gen. 13. 15. But now the bleſſings of the Goſpel are quite of another complexion, *Bleſſed are you when you ſhall be perſecuted for righteouſneſs ſake*, Matth. 5. 10. And again at the 11. verſe, *Bleſſed are you when men ſhall revile you, and perſecute you, and ſhall ſay all manner of evil of you for my names ſake.* Theſe are the bleſſings of the Goſpel: Perſecution is the Enſign of Chriſtianity: The Croſs in a Field of Bloud are the Arms of Chriſt, and Afflictions are the Sables that belong to his Coat.

When our Saviour Chriſt went out of the World, he left his Diſciples this Legacy in his laſt Will and Teſtament, *In the world ye ſhall have*

Tribulation. This was all the Legacy our Saviour left his Disciples, he had nothing else to leave them: for *Joseph* of *Arimathea* had begged his Body, his Spirit he had commended into the hands of God his Father, and the Souldiers cast lots for his Garments; and what then could our Saviour leave them? Yet he left them a Royal Legacy, for he left them a Crown, but it was of Thorns; he left them a Scepter, but it was of Reed; he left them a purple Robe, but it was of Derision; he left them likewise the rich embroydery of his scourged Flesh, the marks and wounds of his crucified Body. This was our Saviour's Legacy, this was his Livery, and S. *Paul* seems to wear it daily, *I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus*. This was the state of the Church in the time of the Gospel; for the Spouse of Christ is black, though comely. God will have it so for these reasons.

1. To withdraw his Childre

from the love of the World. It is in our very nature to love the World: *Adam* is more ſeen in our Covetouſneſs then in our Concupiſcence. There is a kind of Magick in the things of this life, that doth ſo enchant the hearts of God's deareſt Children, that they cannot draw their affections from them. *Lot* was a righteous Perſon, and yet he had no minde to part from his wealth, and beloved *Sodom*: and his Wife, though ſhe went out with him, yet ſhe left her ſelf behind; ſhe went with her feet only, not with her affections, and therefore ſhe could not (for her life) but ſhe muſt look back upon *Sodom*, though in flames, and ſhe look'd back till ſhe could look no more. The World is our *Dinah*, to which our ſoul ſo cleaveth, that we are content to part with our Rights & Priviledges, with our Religion, and would be circumciſed, if we might but enjoy this our *Dinah*, our new-got wealth and honour in peace. But God will not

have his Children live in peace in this World, that they may long for a better; a better World, and a better Peace. Should we alwayes ſwim in worldly pleaſures, and meet with no ſtorms and tempeſts in this our vaſt Ocean of Proſperity, we ſhould ſay with S. *Peter*, *It is good for us to be here, let us build us Tabernacles*, and ſo think to live here for ever. But God will have it otherwiſe; and therefore he keeps his Children in this World in a vale of tears, and often leads them through Aceldama, *a field of bloud* and perſecution, that, with *Jacob*, they may long for their Father's houſe, and ſay with S. *Paul*, *I deſire to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt.*

2. God will have his Children in a troubled condition, not onely to make them long for the Kingdome of Glory, but to keep them in the Kingdome of Grace. The Valleys are more fruitfull then the Hills, and the loweſt eſtate of a Child of God doth

more

more abound with grace and goodneſs then the higheſt Mountain of their Proſperity. The Prophet *David* ſayes of God's own People, *Cum occideret eos, When he ſlew them, then they ſought him early.* Strange! that they muſt be ſlain before they ſeek. God is a gratious God, and would leade us unto himſelf by the hand, but we will not go without a Rod. A ſtrange dulneſs, or rather perverſneſs in our nature, that we muſt be whipt into our owne happineſs, and beaten into heaven. I find it likewiſe thus with Chriſt's own Diſciples in the Goſpel: the firſt time they call'd upon him was in a ſtorm at Sea (that School of prayer) when the Ship was cover'd with waves, καλύπτεσθαι, *hidden* in the Sea. Then they were as loud as the Wind, and as high as the Tempeſt in their devotion, *Maſter, ſave us, we periſh.* And I obſerve in the Goſpel, after our Saviour began to ſhew himſelf unto the World in the Office of his Miniſtery, the firſt

that came to him were the Blind, the Lame, and the Diſeaſed. Is it not ſtrange, that the Blind ſhould firſt find the way to Chriſt? and that the Lame ſhould firſt come to him? and that the Sick ſhould crawl out of their Beds to him? nay more, bring their Beds with them? Which made our Saviour ſay ſometimes to the ſick, *Take up thy Bed and walk*, Mar. 2. 9. It was the affliction of the Body that brought them firſt to Chriſt, who, when they came, cured both Body and Soul. For he never cured any that came to him of the Diſeaſes of their Bodies, but he forgave them their Sins, and ſo heal'd their Souls. *Thy ſins are forgiven thee*, was the very Phyſick that cur'd the man ſick of the Palſey. It is a Salve that cures all Diſeaſes. Lord, forgive me my ſins, and then I am ſure I ſhall be whole. So then, if by the infirmities of their Bodies theſe men gain'd the ſalvation of their Souls, was it not happy for that man

that

that he was born blind? good for that man that he was lame? and health for that man that he was ſick? Beloved, we doe not know when we are well; we are moſt happy when we think our ſelves miſerable, *rich* when we are *poor*, like the Church of *Smyrna*, & *bleſſed* when we *mourn*, *Matt.* 5. If nothing but poverty will bring us unto Chriſt, who would not willingly be as poor as *Job*? If nothing but the pains of the body would bring us unto our Saviour, who would not be content to be rack'd with the Gout, and grownd in pieces with the Stone? If ſickneſs alone would ſave my Soul, let me be *ſick*, as *Hezekiah* was, even *unto death*, ſo I may gain eternal life. Who would not goe to heaven, though in a fiery chariot of a burning fever?

Uſe 1. Seeing then afflictions are ſuch powerful means to draw us unto Chriſt, whatſoever God ſhall lay upon us of this ſad Nature, let us bear it *æquo animo*, *with a quiet* and

even

even mind. But that is not enough; we muſt undergoe it *læto animo*, *with a joyful Spirit*; ſuch a ſpirit as S. *Paul* had, who rejoic'd in his bonds, and ſang in priſon, and which is above the common Paſſions of men, being inflam'd whith an holy and divine Ambition, 2 *Cor.* 11. we ſhall find him triumphing in his ſufferings, glorying in his infirmities, and exalting himſelf in his abaſement. Even as *Hezekiah* in the pride of his heart ſhewed to the Babyloniſh Ambaſſadours the *houſe of his precious things, his gold and his ſilver, his precious ointments, and the houſe of his treaſure:* in the ſame manner, but more holy, with the ſame paſſion of mind, but better ſanctifi'd, doth S. *Paul* in the ſame Chapter ſhew unto the world the rich treaſure of his ſufferings, his frequent perils, his hunger, his cold, his bonds, his impriſonments, his whips, his ſcourges, his ſhipwrecks, his nakedneſſe. Theſe were Saint *Paul*'s riches, theſe were his precious things:

things: His bonds were dearer to him then the golden chains of *Hezekiah*, his priſon of higher price in his eſteem then the houſe of his treaſure, and his nakedneſs of more value with the Apoſtle then all the wardrobe of the King of *Judah*. For ye may perceive in this Chapter he counts up his ſufferings, as a rich man counts up his Eſtate and Subſtance. So much, ſaith the Merchant, I have at Sea, ſo much in the City, ſo much in the Countrey. So doth the Apoſtle reckon up his ſufferings; *In perils at Sea, in perils in the City, in perils in the wilderneſs.* This was Saint *Paul*'s ſtock, this was his wealth and treaſure. So that this Chapter ſeems to me to be the rich Inventory and Sum of S. *Paul's* ſufferings. Thus I have ſhewn you with what chearfulneſſe the Apoſtle did embrace the afflictions of this life. But we muſt go a ſtep higher; not onely to welcome theſe good Angels, (for ſo I think I may callour afflictions, for they are

ſent

ſent to us for our good) but we muſt entertain them *grato animo*, not onely *with a joyfull*, but *a thankfull Spirit*. For ſeeing they are ſuch happy opportunities of grace, let us give God thanks that he hath afflicted us, and praiſe his name that he hath made us miſerable, and let us magnifie his goodneſs, that in theſe daies he hath ſlain us, and ſhed our blood. Thus we find holy *Job* praiſing God upon a dunghill, where he was left as naked as he came out of his Mothers womb; *The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord.* This was *Job*'s grace, and thanks for his afflictions: And I think I may call it grace after meat, for all was taken away. Every one can ſay grace before meat; whilſt we behold God's bleſſings with our eyes, our tongue cannot chuſe but praiſe his name. *Job*'s Wife could ſay the former part of the grace, *The Lord giveth, bleſſed be the name of the Lord*; but when all was taken away, it was,

Curſe

Curſe God and die. But a true child of God gives God thanks for afflictions as well as for bleſſings, and praiſeth his name for both.

And ſo I have done with the firſt part of my Text, *the ſtate of Gods children here upon Earth.* I come now unto the ſecond, *Gods care of his children in that condition*, expreſt by a threefold promiſe: and firſt *Promiſſum præſentiæ*, a promiſe of his preſence, *I will be*, or, *Iam with him in trouble.*

But is not the Lord every where? *Whither ſhall I goe from thy Spirit*, ſaith *David*, *or whither ſhall I flee from thy preſence?* God indeed is every where, not onely *ubique*, but *primò ubique*, as the School calls it, chiefly and moſt properly, not in part and in parcels, as accidents dwell in their ſubjects, but wholly and according to himſelf, who is indiviſible & infinite in his own nature & eſſence: and this Divines call *præſentia ſecundum eſſentiam*, *the eſſential preſence of God*, by

by which he is in all things that were created by him, even the meaneſt and moſt vile of his creatures; and yet no way contaminated or defiled by their vileneſs or uncleanneſs: for he is in them, not as any part of their eſſence, *ſed ut cauſa eſſendi, as the very cauſe and principle of their being and eſſence*, giving ſubſiſtence unto them, without which they could be nothing. But this is the general preſence of God: But there is a more ſpeciall preſence of God. There is——

Firſt, *præſentia gloriæ, the glorious preſence* of God, and that's in heaven, where God ſits upon his throne, enamell'd with the Souls of the bleſſed, and wall'd about with glorious Angels. Not that God is more in Heaven then upon Earth according to his divine Eſſence, but by a fuller manifeſtation of his power, and by greater diſpenſations of glory.

Secondly, there is *præſentia gratiæ, the gracious preſence* of God, and ſo he

he is upon Earth with the Sons of men. And that two waies.

Firſt, By his internal affection, and that was eternal; and ſo he was with us before we were, and was preſent when we were not, before we had any Being he loved us. For he had *choſen us in him*, that is, in Jeſus Chriſt, *before the foundation of the world*, *Epheſ.* 1. 4. Now there is nothing ties us ſo cloſe together as love. It is ſaid of *Jonathan* and *David*, that *their hearts were knit together*, becauſe they did burn in mutuall flames of love and affection, ſo that they ſeemed to have but one heart and one Soul, and they both one man: and this is *Præſentia amoris*, the preſence of his eternall Love.

But ſecondly, he is with us by a temporall manifeſtation of that Love, and that three waies:

1. By a real aſſumption of our nature unto himſelf, in the myſtery of his Incarnation he is ſo with us as he is become one with us, *bone of our bone*, *and*

and fleſh of our fleſh. John 1. 14. *The word was made fleſh, and dwelt among us.* Even as a Bride and Bridegroom are one, man and wife; ſo Chriſt and his Saints are one: for our nature in this union was married unto Chriſt, who is both God & man: even as before by the creation, Heaven & earth were married in man, and therefore by *Lactantius* called *Societas cœli & terræ, the Society and fellowſhip of heaven and earth*; ſo by a nearer tie in our redemption, Heaven and Earth, Divinity and Humanity, God and Man, are joined together: ſo he may well be named, as the *Prophet Iſaiah* foretels, *EMANUEL, God with us.*

Secondly, he is with us by a ſpiritual union of himſelf to us. And this was viſible when the holy Ghoſt deſcended on his Diſciples in cloven tongues, like as of fire, and ſate upon them on the day of Pentecoſt. Chriſt took upon him our Nature to make himſelf one with us, and then he gave us his Spirit, which is his Nature, to

make

make us one with him. In reſpect of this ſpirituall union, Chriſt compares himſelf to a Vine, and we are his branches; to the Church, whereof he is the head, and we are his members: ſo that he is one with us, and we are one with him.

And laſtly, He is with us in our troubles by a more particular indulgence of his ſpecial favour, he is ſo with us as to ſuffer with us; a fellow-ſufferer in our afflictions, and makes himſelf a party in our troubles, and puts his ſhoulder unto the ſad burden of our ſorrows. And this is the common interpretation of the words. But we muſt not underſtand it by any actual ſuffering; for that is beyond the capacity of the Divine nature. The Godhead cannot ſuffer. But he is a fellow-ſufferer with us in our troubles

1. Either by his Pity which he hath of us, which is an excellent verſe, but carries this unhappineſs along with it, that it makes other

men's miſeries our own; therefore it is commonly called *Compaſſion*, and they are uſually joyn'd together, *Pity* and *Compaſſion*.

2. Or elſe God may be ſaid to be a fellow-ſufferer with us, by a kinde and loving imputation of the afflictions of his children unto himſelf. For he is ſo ſenſible of any evil or miſery done unto his Saints, that he accounts them done unto himſelf: *Zach.* 2. 8. *He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye*; ſo tender is God of his own children. But this is more plainly ſet down in the 9. Chap. of the *Acts of the Apoſtles*, verſes 4, & 5. *Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me? And he ſaid, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord ſaid, I am Jeſus whom thou perſecuteſt.* Why, *Saul* did not perſecute Chriſt our Saviour; no, but he perſecuted the Saints, and that was all one as to perſecute Chriſt. *Saul* did not pierce our Saviour's ſide with a ſpear, ſo that from thence iſſued out water and blood; no, but

he ſhed the blood of God's deareſt children, and that was to pierce our Saviours ſide, and to fetch water from his eyes, and blood from his heart. *Saul* did not ſpit in the face of our Saviour; no, but he breathed out theatnings and ſlaughters againſt the Diſciples of the Lord, and that was to ſpit in the face of Chriſt. *Saul* did not rob our Saviour of his robes, nor was he one of thoſe that caſt lots for his garments, neither was he conſenting unto his death; no, but when the blood of his Martyr S. *Stephen* was ſhed, as himſelf confeſſeth, he alſo was ſtanding by and conſenting unto his death, and he kept the raiment of them that ſlew him; and that was as grievous unto Chriſt, as if he had taken his own garments from him, and had been conſenting unto his death. For what is done unto his ſervants, he accounts done unto himſelf. *Whatſoever ye doe unto the leaſt of theſe, ye doe it unto me*, ſaith our Saviour, *Matth.* chap. 25. He

feels the blows that are ſtruck at our heads, and he is ſenſible of the ſmart of our ſcourges; our wounds make him to bleed, our reſtraint is his impriſonment, and our chains are his bonds. Thus God is become our fellow-ſufferer. O how happy are we even in our miſery, to have God to bear a part with us, and to be as ſenſible of our ſorrows as if they were his own? They ſay there is ſome comfort

——*Socios habuiſſe doloris*,

to have ſome companions in ſorrow; but that is but a naturall Comfort, heatheniſh and Pagan conſolation, and can no waies rejoyce the ſpirit of a Chriſtian, who would have no body to ſuffer with him or for him. A good Chriſtian would be unhappy by himſelf, and miſerable alone. But yet to have God our fellow-ſufferer with us is comfortable Divinity, *Solidum gaudium*, as the Poet ſpeaks, and comfort in which there is ſome bulk and ſubſtance. ——*For if God be*

be with us, who dare be againſt us? if the Creator be on our ſide, ſure the Creatures cannot hurt us. The Devils tremble at his preſence, and every creature loſeth its enmity, ſting and power of hurting us. Thus the fire, that inſatiable and devouring Element, loſt its nature when *Shadrach*, *Meſhach*, and *Abednego* were caſt into the fiery fornace. The fire which ſlew their enemies that caſt them in, hurt not them, but like wanton flames courted them with amorous embraces, as if they had been flames of love. Not ſo much as *an hair of their head was ſinged, neither were their coats changed, nor the ſmell of fire paſſed on them*, Dan.3.27. And the reaſon was, God was with them. *I ſee four men looſe walking in the midſt of the fire, and have no harm*, and *the form of the fourth is like the Son of God*, *Verſ.* 29. Again, water is *Barbarum Elementum*, as one calls it; yet it could doe nothing againſt the Diſciples of Chriſt whilſt he was

with them. *The winds began to blow and the waves aroſe, even ſo much that they covered the Ship*, Matth. 8. 25. But when they ſaw Chriſt was there, and heard his voyce, for *he rebuked them*, the winds became dumb, and the obedient waves bowed themſelves into a calm.

Let this ſerve for an *Uſe of conſolation* to God's Children, that he is preſent with them in their troubles, nothing can hurt them. The very Heathens thought themſelves ſafe if they carried their Gods along with them in their journies: Therefore *Æneas* ſaid to his Father,

Tu, Genitor, cape ſacra manu patrióſque Penates.

And *Rachel*, when ſhe went away from *Padan-Aram*, ſtole along with her her Father's Gods. Shall theſe gather ſuch comfort to themſelves from the ſuppoſed preſence of their Gods, Gods which indeed are no Gods, Wooden Gods (I may ſay) and Timber Deities; and ſhall not

we

we rejoyce and be glad even in our Sorrows, when we remember that the God of Heaven and Earth is with us? *I am with him in trouble.* If God be with us, what need we fear what man can do unto us? *Nemo te lædat niſi qui Deum vincat*, ſaith holy *Anſelm*, *None can hurt us unleſs they can firſt conquer God*, overcome Omnipotency, and ſlay Immortality, leade the Almighty Captive, and confound all the Hoſt of Heaven, a thouſand, yea thouſands of Angels. For if our eyes were opened in our troubles, as God opened the eyes of *Eliſha*'s ſervant, we ſhould ſee *horſes and chariots of fire*, even *more with us then thoſe againſt us*; for God is with us.

I am with him in trouble.

2. And ſo I paſs from the firſt part of the Promiſe to the ſecond, which is *Promiſſum liberationis*, *a promiſe of deliverance*; *I will deliver him.*

God's preſence is a great bleſſing, but can we not enjoy him but in a troubled condition? Can we not taſt

of the happineſs of his preſence without the ſowr ſauce of affliction? The ſweeteſt things loſe their pleaſantneſs whil'ſt they are mixed with bitterneſs. God fed the People of *Iſrael* with Manna, which was pleaſant food; but it was in the Wilderneſs, and that was the leaven which ſowred it. God to be with us, is an happineſs beyond our merit; but to enjoy him onely in troubles, renders even the gratious preſence of God leſs acceptable to our ſenſe and natural affections. God therefore, who knows we are but fleſh and bloud, ſtrengthens our weakneſs with a ſecond promiſe of deliverance; *I am with him in trouble, and I will deliver him.*

This deliverance is the effect of his preſence, and the very work of his pity and compaſſion. For when I told you but now, that God had ſuch pity and compaſſion upon his afflicted Children, as to be, and ſuffer, with them, we muſt not underſtand this *ſecundùm affectum paſſionis*, according to

to any affection or *paſsion*, which cannot be in the Divine Nature, but *ſecundùm effectum, according to its effect and operation*, which is deliverance. As a man that doth truly pity his afflicted brother, doth not onely grieve and ſuffer with him in his affections, but doth eaſe and deliver him. And this is the fruit and excellency of pity, and this onely is in God; *I will deliver him.*

God will not leave his Children in endleſs miſeries; they may wander many years in the Wilderneſs, but at length he will bring them to the Land that flowed with Milk and Honey. He will not have his Children alwayes dwell in the Vale of Tears, but he will bring them to the Mountains of Joy and Gladneſs. *He gives them beauty for aſhes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of gladneſs for the ſpirit of heavineſs*, Iſa. 61. 3. Thus he delivered *Joſeph* from the ſtocks, *Jeremy* from the priſon, the common place of his deſpiſed Prophets;

phets; he will bring *Jacob*, baniſh'd *Jacob*, home again to his Father's houſe, and he ſhall both enjoy his Father's bleſſing and inheritance. Neither did he return empty, but brought his Sheaves with him, Wives and Children, Men-ſervants and Maid-ſervants, Sheep and Oxen, and in that abundance; that he begins to wonder at himſelf, being amazed at his own happineſs, and aſtoniſhed at the goodneſs of God to him, as we may gueſs by that expreſſion, *For with my ſtaff have I paſſed over this* Jordan, *and now I am become two Bands*, Gen. 32. 10. But above all is that great example of *Jonah*, who was caſt into the Sea, and ſwallowed up by a Whale. We are wont to ſay at Sea, when a man is drowned, he is not onely dead but buried: and beſides that, he was entombed in a new Sepulcher, where I believe never man lay ſo long before; and yet behold after three dayes the Reſurrection of *Jonah*. Who would have thought to

hav

have ſeen *Jonah* again a Preacher of repentance in *Nineveh?* Well, caſt me into the Sea, yea let the Mountains fall upon me, put me in any condition, I will never deſpair when I remember *Jonah.*

And now this being the firſt Lord's day after my Anniverſary Obſervation of my great deliverances at Sea, give me leave, as *David* ſayes, *to give thanks unto God in the great Congregation*, and *I ſhall praiſe him before much People.*

I have, for the teſtimony of a good Conſcience, and to preach the Goſpel beyond the Seas, ſuffered many adverſe things. I can ſay with S. *Paul*, but I ſpeak in all humility of ſoul, onely to the glory of God, and out of thankfulneſs to his name for my great and many deliverances, *I have been in perils of Waters, in perils of Robbers, in perils by my own Countreymen, in perils by Strangers, in perils in the City, in perils in the Sea, in perils amongſt falſe Brethren; In wearineſs*

and

and painfulneſs, in watchings often, in hunger and thirſt, in cold, and almoſt *nakedneſs*; *In priſon* after a ſtrict and cloſe manner, *in deaths often*: twice *have I ſuffered ſhipwreck*; two *nights* and two *dayes* have I lain upon a Rock *in the deep*, ſeveral times *all hope of life being taken away*. Yet, bleſſed be God he hath made me a Preacher of his great mercy and deliverance this day. *If the Lord himſelf had not been on our ſide, we may well ſay, If the Lord himſelf had not been on our ſide when the waves roſe up againſt us, they had ſwallowed us up quick, yea, the waters had drowned us, and the ſtream had gone over our head. But, bleſſed be his name he hath brought us out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and eſtabliſhed our going.*

So that I may truly ſay, in the words of my text, *He was with me in my troubles*, he hath *delivered me*; and I'le adde the other clauſe, he hath *honour'd me*, in making me, the meaneſt of his Servants, a Preacher of his

his Word, and a Preacher unto you this day.

Use. Seeing then we have this assured promise, let us wait with patience God's own time for our deliverance; as it is said of the Prophet's vision, *Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry*, Habac. 2. 3. Yet there is a kinde of peevishness in our nature, even in the best of us: if God doth not presently ease us of our pain, deliver us from those that oppress us, and give us all our hearts desire, we are weary of our selves, and of our lives, and will needs dye, like that good Prophet *Elijah*, the onely relique of piety in his dayes, *It is enough now, Lord, take away my life*, 1 King. 19. Thus *Rachel* could not endure any longer the disgrace of her Barrenness, *Give me Children, or else I dye.* And thus *Jonah*, though he lately drank so deep a draught out of the Sea of God's goodness, and had seen so many Miracles of God's mercy

cy

cy unto him, yet could not with pa
tience endure the affliction of a litt
Sun-ſhine, but cryed out, *It is better fo*
me to dye then to live. And thus
is with us in the extremity of an
pain or affliction, we call for Death
and we had rather dye then live: bu
if Death ſhould come for us, w
ſhould be loth to take him by the col
hand, and go with him. Like that ol
man in the Fable, who coming fro
the Wood with a bundle of ſticks
his back, the Sun beating hot upo
him, he began to be weary, and flun
down his burthen, and call'd fo
Death to take him away: but whe
Death appeared to him, and aske
wherefore he call'd him, To help m
on, ſaith he, with my burden. Th
old man was then loth to dye. It
thus with us in our extreme and
verſe things, we call for Death, an
had rather dye then live: but if Go
ſhould ſend Death for us, we ſhoul
ſay to him as the old man, Help us o
with our burthen; whether it b
pai

pain, ſickneſs, poverty, nakedneſs, bonds, impriſonment, the tortures of the Gout, or grindings of the Stone; any burthen rather then Death.

Doe not therefore provoke the Lord with intemperate exclamations, hopeleſs language of deſpair, and fooliſh ſpeeches of bitter paſſion, but poſſeſs your ſouls with patience, and wait God's leiſure; he can and will deliver thee: *I will be with him in trouble, and I will deliver.*

3. And ſo I come now to the third thing propounded, *Promiſſum recompenſationis, a promiſe of reward and recompence; I will honour him.*

What could fleſh and bloud expect more from Heaven in their troubled condition, then the preſence of God to aſſiſt them, and the power of God to deliver them? Yet all this had not been enough, nor a full ſatisfaction to our deſires, had we not had the other part of the promiſe, *promiſſum recompenſationis, a promiſe of reward and recompence.* We think it much to

ſerve

ſerve God for nought, and to ſuffer for Chriſt, and to have no reward but a bare deliverance. The very Apoſtles of Chriſt had ſuch affections in them; even *Peter*, the great Profeſſor of them, ſaid unto our Saviour, *Behold we have forſaken all and followed thee, what ſhall we have therefore?* Matth. 19. 27. Even the beſt of us ſerve God for a reward, and he is willing to give it us; *I will honour thee.*

God honours his People three wayes.

1. By giving them titles of honour, and terms of dignity and renown. Thus God ſayes to *Jacob* his choſen, *Since thou waſt pretious in my ſight, thou haſt been honourable*, Iſa. 43. 2.

And again, he calls his Church a *Noble Vine*, Jer. 2. 21. And the Saints are called *the Excellent*; *To the Saints that are in the Earth, and to the Excellent*, Pſal. 16. And thoſe of the Church of *Sardis* are ſaid to be *worthy*, Revel. 2. And S. *Peter* writing to the Jewiſh Chriſtians that were

ſcattered

ſcattered abroad in *Pontus*, *Galatia* and *Cappadocia*, he cals them, *A Choſen Generation*, *a Royal Prieſthood.* Thus the Spirit of God aſcribes to the Saints Nobility, Excellency, Royalty, which are all enſigns of greateſt honour.

2. God honours his Children by advancing them to places of honour and renown. For, *He raiſeth the poor* (that are his) *out of the duſt, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may ſet them with Princes, even the Princes of the People*, Pſal. 113. Thus God raiſed *Joſeph* out of the Dungeon, and made him Ruler over *Egypt:* And now was his Dream fulfilled, that *the Sun and the Moon and the eleven Stars made obeiſance unto him.* And thus God advanced *Daniel* from a miſerable Captive to be Ruler over the Province of *Babylon*, *And he ſate in the Gate of the King*, Dan. 2 49. Thus you ſee Grace and Honour may meet together, and one may be both a Saint

and a King, a King and a Martyr, which is the higheſt of Saints. We reade of a Noble Army of Martyrs in S. *Ambroſe* his Creed, which we commonly call *Te Deum*. Thus you ſee Nobility and Sanctity, Greatneſs and Goodneſs, Kingſhip and Martyrdome, may meet together in one and the ſame perſon; *I will honour him.*

Laſtly, God doth not alwayes honour his Children in this World; ſome he ſuffers to dye in Priſon, others upon a Scaffold, and the Bodies of his dear Children are oftentimes *ſown* into their Graves *in diſhonour*: but they ſhall *riſe in honour*, yea in the perfection of honour, for they ſhall be glorified; and ſo it is in the Latin tranſlation, *Glorificabo eum, I will deliver him, and I will glorifie him:* and the more they ſuffer here, the greater ſhall be their glory hereafter. Though all ſhall receive glory, yet there ſhall be degrees of that glory, as we reade 1 Cor. 15. 41. *There is one glory of the Sun, another glory of the Moon*

an

and another glory of the Stars, and one Star differeth from another in glory, yet all theſe Stars doe ſhine in glory: ſo it ſhall be in Heaven,

---Omnibus una ſalus, ſed gloria diſpar.

Though all ſhall be glorified, yet there ſhall be degrees and differences of that glory. There is one glory of the Sun, I mean that glorious Sun of Righteouſneſs, Chriſt Jeſus, that ſitteth at the right hand of God; another glory of the Apoſtles: there is one glory of his Confeſſors, another of his Martyrs, and one Saint differeth from another in glory. They ſhall be, ſaith Chriſt, Ἰσάγγελοι, *as the Angels* of God in Heaven: not in reſpect of purity onely and ſingleneſs of life, which was the occaſion of this ſpeech of our Saviour; but in reſpect of the ſpirituality of our Bodies with which we ſhall riſe, and the glory we ſhall receive in Heaven. Now we all acknowledge an Hierarchy,

and ſeveral degrees of Bleſſedneſs among thoſe Divine Spirits; ſome are Angels, ſome Archangels, others Powers, Principalities, and Dominions: which doth plainly teſtifie a diverſity and ſeveral degrees of Bleſſedneſs in the Saints, if ſo be that their Bleſſedneſs ſhall be equal with and conformable to the Beatitudes of the Holy Angels. It's true, one and the ſame eſſential happineſs ſhall be to all in reſpect of the Object; for they all ſhall ſee God: one and the ſame likewiſe in reſpect of the Subject; for all the powers of the Soul, and members of the Body, ſhall be adorn'd and beautified with Glory. Again, one and the ſame in reſpect of duration and continuance of time; for all and every one ſhall be bleſſed for ever, and their happineſs eternal. And laſtly, one and the ſame in reſpect of ſatiety; for all ſhall be full; one Veſſel may be bigger then another, but all ſhall be full. But yet there ſhall be diverſities, as of Grace here,

here, ſo of Glory hereafter; and as in ſome there are greater gifts of Grace, ſo ſhall there be higher degrees of Glory. But whether this increaſe and intenſion of Bleſſedneſs ariſeth from a more pure and clear Viſion of God, or from a more perfect diſpoſition of our Underſtanding, or from greater flames of Love and Joy in the fruition of God, or whether by the addition of ſome accidental happineſs, acceſſory *Præmiums*, or Indulgences, I cannot ſay: but moſt certain it is, that the Saints in Heaven ſhall, according to their ſeveral capacities, receive the meaſure of their Bleſſedneſs; for God will deal with every man according to his ſervice here, and ſufferings for the name of Jeſus. *They that turn many to righteouſneſs, ſhall ſhine as the Stars for ever and ever*, Dan. 12.3. But thoſe that ſhall loſe their lives for righteouſneſs ſake, *ſhall ſhine forth as the Sun in the Kingdome of their Father*, Matth. 13.43.

S. *John* was the beloved Diſciple

upon Earth; but ſurely S. *Peter*, that was crucified with his heels upward, is the Beloved in Heaven. S. *John* was wont to lay his head in the boſome of Chriſt: but ſure now S. *Paul* muſt lye there, that loſt his head for Chriſt; S. *John* dyed in his Bed. God will reward every man according to his ſufferings in this life for his Names ſake: the more they ſuffer here, the more they ſhall be bleſſed hereafter; the greater their Diſhonour upon Earth, the greater ſhall be their Honour in Heaven. Every one that wears a Crown of Thorns here for Chriſt's ſake, ſhall wear a Crown of Glory; the more Thorns, the more Glory. Which God grant to all thoſe that ſuffer for the name of Jeſus. AMEN.

Μόνῳ Θεῷ δόξα.

A NARRATIVE OF A Great Deliverance at Sea.

Sen.

Quod durum eſt pati
Meminiſſe dulce eſt.

For my much eſteemed Friend

CHARLS SCARBOROW,

Doctor of Phyſick, at his houſe in *Woodſtreet*,

LONDON.

Worthy Doctor, and
loving Friend,

I AM one of thoſe many that honour both your Perſon and Profeſſion: Not becauſe I have a weak body, and ſo often ſtand in need of your healing and ſaving hands; for that were to love my ſelf, not you: but becauſe I find in all ages, as well as in this, that Phyſitians have been men of moſt rare parts and eminent learning. There are but few of your College but are known to me by their Merit or Courteſie;

teſie; *I never come out of their company, but I feel my ſelf better both in health and knowledge; and I doe not think that any Age can boaſt of ſo many Monſters of wit and learning (for Vertue hath its Monſters as well as Vice) as there is now among you. And truely, if there be no better encouragement made for the ſtudy of Divinity, the Learning of this Nation will lie in your hands, as doth now the welfare and ye will be Patrons of both.*

But then, as your Profeſſion is eminent, ſo are you in your Profeſſion. I will not ſay more then others, for thoſe Comparative expreſſions (beſides their uncharitableneſſe and incivility) are poor Commendations; and I think doe rather debaſe then exalt the credit of a friend. For it ſeemes to me to imply, that a man hath not merit enough in himſelf to make him high in the eſteem of the world, unleſſe we ſet him upon the head of another.

Non tali auxilio——

I ſhall not need ſuch helps in my addreſ-

ſes

ſes to your ſelf; for you may ſtand upon the high Mountain of your own worth and merit, and without ſetting your foot upon another, make your ſelf viſible and known unto the whole world. Beſides thoſe rare things in Nature, you have diſcover'd to us many ſecrets and occult qualities, which former Philoſophy could not teach us; and are ſo well acquainted with the Body of man, that you can un-pin the whole frame, take it in pieces, as a man doth his Watch, ſet it together again, and make it goe better. I doe not mean better then it was created; but ſince it hath been debauched and diſordered by ſeverall maladies and obſtructions. Beſides the excellent and happy knowledge you have in Phyſick, you are eminent in Mathematical Philoſophy; you have read over the whole Volume of Heaven, and are perfectly acquainted with their motions, influences, ſtars and Intelligences, as if you had been bred above in that Univerſity. Neither doth this precious Jewel of knowledge

dwell

dwell in a Caskanet of an ill Nature, for that would take much off its luſtre and brightneſs; but in a ſweet diſpoſition, as our famous Oughtred *ſaies of you,* ſuaviſſimis moribus, ingenio perſpicaciſſimo.

From this fountain run ſo many haſty and ful ſtreams of love and kindneſs to all your friends and acquaintance: And to this your good Nature do I impute the earneſt deſire you have had to hear me often diſcourſe of my dangers and diſaſters at Sea; not that you take delight in my ſufferings, but rejoice in my deliverance. You have violently importun'd me many years, to write the ſad Story of my ſhipwreck; which I thought I ſhould never be brought to, [For perſonall things ought to be concealed.] *But there is ſuch Magick in the love of a friend, that I can ſooner deny my ſelf then him. And therefore I ſhall give you in theſe few lines a brief and haſty relation of my Second Voyage toward the Eaſt. But if this ſad ſtory make you Sea-ſick, (for*

good men are not well, when they hear the evils and misfortunes of others) you may thank your ſelf. For the fault is not in my ſufferings, but in your Vertue and tenderneſs; and you are to blame your owne Commands, not my love in the performance.

Your very Friend,

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

A NARRATIVE OF A Great Deliverance *at Sea.*

WE went aboard from *Harwich* on *Michaelmas* day 29 of *September* 1648. I confeſs a dull kind of ſadneſs (as a cloud) ſate upon my ſpirits, ſo that I could not look out chearfully upon my departing friends. But I took my farewel of them, as if I had been going not onely out of *England*, but out of the world. I can give no reaſon of this *deliquium*, for I was ſent on a good Meſſage, to preach the Goſpel

Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt. I was embarqued in a ſtout ſhip with a fair wind, and a skilful Pilot; ſo that the underſtanding and rationall part of my ſoul could not foreſee any, nor ſuſpect the leaſt danger. But (ſure) Nature (whoſe *Apocrypha* we ſhall never underſtand) was ſenſible of ſome approaching ſtorm; for I was no ſooner at Sea, but I was in a ſtrange Anguiſh and Propaſſion, ſo that I ſuffered ſhipwreck in my mind and all the terrours thereof, before it came. I preſently fell ſick, (as I uſually doe at Sea) for Water hath alwaies been an unkind Element to me: yet that ſickneſs hath no ſpecifical name, we neither call it Fever nor Ague, Palſie nor Gout; but I think it is all theſe with the reſt of humane infirmities, or at leaſt an *Index* where we may find them; for I was ſo really ſick, that to be drown'd had been a puniſhment indeed, but in my thoughts no affliction to me. This ſickneſs was neither Tertian, nor Quartan, but Quoti-

Quotidian: for I was as ſick the next day as before. About four of the clock in the afternoon, the Maſter of the Ship came into our Cabin with more haſt then he was wont, for he was quickned with the ſenſe and apprehenſion of ſome ſudden & enſuing danger, which though he conceal'd from me, I ſaw it in his very countenance, written plainly in pale characters of fear and amazement, which made me ask him, *whether all was well.* And like a loving tender-hearted man, who is loth to tell his dying friend that he is ſo near his end, he anſwered me, *All is well.*

But when I ſaw him ſhift himſelf, and make haſte out again in great ſpeed, but greater paſſion, I roſe from my bed, and crawl'd upon the Deck, where I ſaw a ſad ſpectacle. The Ship having ſprung a Leak, or rather a Plank, was ready to ſink. I doe not wonder now I was ſo ſick before, ſeeing death was ſo near. Oh how the face of every man was chang'd by

this affrightment, ſo that we could not know almoſt one another, having loſt our naturall complexions through the extremity of paſſion! One was at his prayers, another wringing his hands, a third his eyes ſhedding of tears, when we had no need of more ſalt water. But after this fit, they fell to work, and (as it is uſuall in ſuch extreams) we were all buſie about doing of nothing, and we did we knew not what. We began one thing, ——*ſed facti pœnitet*, but we preſently fell to another, and perfected nothing to our ſafety. The Maſters Mate and Brother, whom we ſent down to ſearch out the Leak, quickly return'd to us with a ſad countenance; though naturally his face was red, yet fear had ſnow'd it into a pale complexion. This man with trembling hands, gnaſhing of teeth, a quivering tongue and words half-ſpoken, ſignified to us that the wound was incurable, that the Leak could not be ſtopt, and the Water came in

ſo

ſo faſt upon us, that we muſt periſh in this moment. I never heard a Death's head ſpeak before; he did look not like a Meſſenger, but Death it ſelf. Had he ſaid nothing, we might have read our fate and ruine in his countenance.

Here was now no room for counſell, neither had we time to ask one another what was beſt to be done. But we preſently caſt out our long Boat, and ſhot off ſome eight or nine Guns, which ſeem'd to me to be ſo many tolls of a Paſſing-bell before our death. But it was to give notice to one *Bartholomew Cook*, who was Maſter of that Ship that came out with us, and was but a little before us, that he ſhould come to our relief. In theſe fair hopes we leapt into the Boat; but it was my ſad chance to leap ſhort, one leg in the boat, *alterum in Charontis cymba*: but not without ſome danger, I ſcrambled out of the Sea into the boat; but was no ſooner there, but one of the

Mariners leapt out of the ſhip upon me,& beat me down with his weight; which I took kindly enough, being willing to have carried them all upon my back to have ſaved their lives. But there was one, and but one, left in our ſinking ſhip, who made ſuch lamentable moan, that his tears prevail'd againſt the fears of our preſent danger, and we took him into our boat, when we expected our ſhip (whoſe ſails lay now flat upon the water) ſhould ſink immediately, which muſt neceſſarily have drawn our ſmall boat after it, as the greater fiſhes ſwallow up the leſſe.

But (God be thanked) we all came clear off the ſhip, but now were rowing we knew not whither. For Mr. *Cook* came not to our relief, and we began to be ſevere in language againſt him, as if he had not been kinde enough to us; when all that knew him will ſay, he was a man of a ſoft, tender nature, and a friend to others, rather then to himſelf. But all men are

ſuſpicious

ſuſpicious in adverſity, and commonly take all things in the worſt part [*Omnes quibus res ſunt minus ſecundæ, magis ſunt neſcio quomodo ſuſpicioſi-- ſe ſemper credunt negligi*, Teren. Adelp.] and ſo did we; not conſidering at all how it might fare with this honeſt Maſter, who poor man was in greater diſtreſſe then our ſelves, and drank a deeper draught of affliction, for both he and his ſhip and all his men periſhed in that hour, not a man eſcaped to tell us the manner and method of his fate.

Now were all our hopes daſhed, as well as our ſelves, being in deſpair of humane help; for we were left in the North Seas, which ſeldome wear a ſmooth brow, but at this time contending with the wind ſwell'd into prodigious mountains, which threatned every moment to fall upon us.

To ſpeak plainly, it blew half a ſtorm, and we were now in a ſmall Veſſel: what credit could we give unto our ſafety in an open Shallop,

when ſo ſtately a Caſtle of wood, which we but now loſt, could not defend it ſelf againſt the inſolency of the waves? We were ſome hundred of leagues from any ſhore, having no Compaſs to guide us, no proviſion to ſuſtain us, being ſtarv'd with cold as well as for want of victuals, and the Night grew black upon us, having nothing in our Boat but a ſmall Kettle, and three bags of Pieces of Eight to the value of 300l. ſterling. But alas! what good can money doe where there is no Exchange? we could not eat nor drink our Silver, neither could our Pieces of Eight keep us warm. Money in its own nature is but an impotent creature, a very cripple, *inutile pondus, a burthen of no value.*

Good God! into what a ſad condition haſt thou now brought us; for which of our ſins doeſt thou thus puniſh us? Search us, ô Lord, that we may know it, and firſt drown our ſelves in tears of repentance, before the

the Sea ſwallow us up; that though our bodies be caſt away, we may ſave our ſouls: Such troubled thoughts we ware about us. For it was with us now as it was with S. *Paul*, *Acts* 27. *All hopes that we ſhould be ſaved were taken away.* Nothing could preſerve us but a miracle, being out of the reach of humane help: we were ſinfull creatures, and could not expect that God ſhould goe out of his ordinary way to ſave us. Though the waves carried us up to Heaven, yet we could not hope or believe that God ſhould put his hand out of the clouds, and take us miſerable Caitives unto himſelf from the top of a riſing wave; we had nothing to help us but our prayers. I am ſorry that word ſlipt from my haſty pen. Praier is a multitude, a Troop of ſuccors, and many enough to deliver us out of the depth, though we were intomb'd in the belly of a Whale; as it did *Jonah*. Prayer, if it be well qualified, is that rod of *Moſes*, that can *turn the*

Sea into a wilderneſs, and make us paſs through upon dry land. Upon this onely ſtaffe did we all lean, and I ſuppoſe it was with us, as in the caſe of *Jonah. The mariners were afraid, and every man called upon his God, Jon.* 2. And truly, I think I may with modeſty confeſs, I thought on thoſe words of *David*, though after a more imperfect manner, *Out of the depth have I cried unto thee: Lord, hear my voice, and let thine ears be attentive to my ſupplication. I ſink in the deep mire, where there is no ſtanding. Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep ſwallow me up.*

But beſide our perſonal devotion, I am perſwaded the extremity of our condition pleaded for us, and our miſery cryed aloud in the ears of God for pity and compaſſion. It is an uſual expreſſion when we ſee any man extremely poor and miſerable, to ſay, *his poverty* or *his miſery ſpeaks for him:* and commonly we are not ſo much moved with a clamorous Begger,

ger, who hunts after our Alms with open mouth, and makes Hue and Cry after our Charity, as if we had ſtollen ſomething from him who begs of us, I ſay, we are not ſo much moved with ſuch loud impudence, as with the ſilence of thoſe diſeaſed Cripples and infirm *Lazaro's*, that lie at our doors, & in the ſtreets, and ſay nothing, but ſhew onely their wounds and ſores to thoſe that paſs by. Theſe Beggers ſpeak loudeſt to our affections, their very condition is eloquent; *quot vulnera, tot ora, ſo many wounds, ſo many mouths* that cry aloud for pity, and cannot chuſe but melt us into a charitable compaſſion. This was our caſe, our miſery was louder then our prayers, and our deplorable condition certainly was more prevalent with Almighty God then our imperfect devotions; for we may ſay with the people of *Iſrael*, *He heard our cry, and had compaſſion on us, Exod.* 2. It is the uſual way of God to help in Extremities, when we are in abſolute deſpair

of

of all outward means he loves to ſave us, that we may ſay, *It is his doing alone.*

For in this moment of death, when we were without the leaſt expectation of any deliverance, He ſent a Ship to us, which we muſt needs confeſs to be *Digitus Dei, the finger of God*, that pointed and directed that ſhip to our deliverance: for though many ſhips come from the ſame place, and are bound for the ſame Haven, yet they ſeldome meet in the vaſt Ocean, and ſail in the ſame line; for there are no paths in the floods, no high-wayes and common roads in the Sea. But ſuch was the goodneſs of God, this ſhip made towards us, and we what we could toward it. But we had but two oars, and the Sea-men counted that a great diſadvantage both to their ſpeed and breaking of the waves. Beſide, it blew hard, and the Sea, that knows no pity, roſe high upon us, ſo that we were forc'd to ſit cloſe to one another to keep out

out the Sea with our backs: a poor ſhelter againſt a raging enemy, who finding himſelf check'd, through indignation flew over our heads into the boat, and fell upon us in angry ſhowers, ſo that had we not had that Kettle to caſt the water out as faſt as it came in, we might have been drown'd from above with rain of our own making. It was my lot to ſit on the weather-ſide (and there is no complement or changing of places in a ſtorm) and the waves beat on me ſo faſt, that I had almoſt ſaid with the Prophet *David*, *The waters had even entred into my Soul.*

And now we grew into another deſpair, for with all our endeavours we could not reach the ſhip, nor the ſhip us: yet that good man the Skipper hung on the Lee, and did what he could to retard the courſe of his ſhip, and we on the other ſide did what we could to ſpeed our own. His ſhip rode on furiouſly before the wind, like the Chariot of *Aminadab*,

and

and ours ſlowly, like the Chariots of *Pharaoh*; and how could we expect that our Snail ſhould overtake his Dromedary? Thus our pregnant hopes brought forth nothing but Wind and Water; and we that before flattered our ſelves with an aſſurance of Safety, are now as much confounded with a certainty of Periſhing. It had been better, I think, and leſs affliction to us, to have had no hopes at all of a Deliverance, then preſently to fall from it. It did redouble the puniſhment of *Tantalus*, to kiſs thoſe Apples with his Lips, which he muſt not taſt with his Tongue: to have Happineſs near us in our eye, and not to enjoy it, is the extremity of Unhappineſs. Many Mariners in a Storm and Tempeſt, when they ſee a fatal neceſſity upon them, are even contented to dye: but theſe men would murmure *portu perire*, *to periſh in a Haven.*

This was our condition: We had a Ship hard by, but could not board her

her by reaſon of the Weather; ſo that we were ready to periſh, whil'ſt we look'd Safety in the face; and that which in all probability encreaſed our Danger, and made our Fate inevitable, it grew dark night, ſo that we did not know which way to row.

But this, though it was an evil in its own nature, by accident became a benefit to us: for now, not ſeeing our danger, we underſtood it not, and ſo grew bolder, and apply'd two to an Oar, and ſo brake through the Waves in a moſt deſperate condition towards the Ship, as we conceived: and that good Chriſtian, the Maſter of the Veſſel, hung out a Light to us, which was as a Star to guide us to him; and ſo by degrees we grew nearer and nearer.

But leſt the *Howzoner* (for the Maſter was one of *Howzon*) ſhould think we were loſt, and ſo hoiſe up his Sails and be gone, (for he could not ſee us by reaſon of the Night, though we ſaw him by vertue of the Light he

lent

lent us) Order was given, that when a Wave took us up, we ſhould give a great ſhout: which we did ſo loud, that I believe our Cry was heard to Heaven; for by God's miraculous aſſiſtance, we grew very near the Ship, and our own ſafety.

Now were we in diſpute, which ſide of the Ship we ſhould go aboard, which was concluded on the Lee-ſide; and promiſe was made, we ſhould go up by order as we ſate, leſt by a haſty riſing we ſhould endanger our ſelves, and by making too much haſt to ſave our lives, loſe them. But we had no ſooner come to the Ship, but they all ſtrove to run up at once; and the Sea-men being dexterous in the art of climbing, got up in a moment, and left me alone in the Boat: neither do I blame them, for Life is ſweet; and when that is in jeopardy, we care onely for our ſelves.

And now was I the third time loſt, and in the greateſt danger of drowning; for beſides the natural weakneſs

neſs I had in my hands, they were now ſo benumb'd with cold and wet, and made uſeleſs, that I could not climb up a Rope, though it was now to ſave my Life. But I held the Rope, which was flung to me out of the Ship, faſt in my hands, that our Boat might not ſtave off: but it ſtruck three times againſt our rowling Ship, or rather our Ship againſt it, and as often ſtruck me down in the Boat, which was half full of water; ſo that I was afraid I ſhould have been drown'd in that Epitome of the Sea. It would have griev'd a man, but now to have eſcaped the vaſt Champain of the Sea, and to be drown'd in its Encloſure; and it was God's providence, the Boat being ſo often ſtruck, did not break in pieces, as it did preſently afterward, when it had done its laſt office to my deliverance. But having uſed ſeveral wayes to get up in vain, there came at laſt two Sea-men down to me on the ſide of the Ship, and would have heav'd me up by the arms. But being

being ſo often wet, my Clothes, together with my own weight, were too heavy a Burthen to be truſted in their arms: and in this ſtreight and exigency I really knew not what to doe. I began to have ſad thoughts of my ſelf, and to think, that I alone was the Offender, and muſt now be ſacrificed to the fury of the Sea to appeaſe and calm the Tempeſt. But whil'ſt I was thus ſmiting my breaſt with theſe thoughts, one of the Sea-men gave me down a Rope with a nooze, and bade me put it about my middle: but as ſoon as I got it on one ſhoulder, he began to pull, and had like to have forc'd me into the Sea. But deſiring him to ſtay a while, I then got it over both ſhoulders, and ordered him to pull. But the Boat waving up and down, caſt me off at ſome diſtance, ſo that he firſt drew me into the Sea, and my own weight drew the Rope ſo faſt through his hands, that had there not been a knot at the end of the Rope by meer chance, (for he

tyed

tyed it not, as he afterwards told me in *England)* I had gone down into the Depth in a moment; ſo that I may truly ſay, there was not an inch between me and Death. Then at the next pull he ſtruck me againſt the ſide of the Ship, which I ſhall alwayes look upon as a Courteſy; being the kindeſt blow that ever I received: It was like a Doſe of *Opium* to a man that hath the extremity of the Stone, which makes him forget himſelf as well as his ſorrow; and ſo it ſerved me, for I remembred no more either good or evil. But certainly the Maſter was a good Chriſtian, and was indulgent to me; for I found my ſelf in his own Cabin the next morning, where I ſlept all night very well, though in wet clothes. But I found my ſelf ſore and lame all over. I thought of the Man in the Almanack, wounded in every part and member; onely I really was what he ſeem'd to be, and had ſome ſigns likewiſe of it on my bruiſed body.

But I roſe from my Cabin, very deſirous to know how it fared with my Fellow-ſufferers; and truly I found them, contrary to my expectation, heavy, not with ſleep, but with ſorrow. I thought I ſhould have ſeen joy ride in triumph in their chearfull countenance; but their looks were dejected, and they murmured within themſelves, ſuffering (I ſuppoſe) over their Shipwreck again in their ſad thoughts, and every man telling himſelf of his own misfortune. But the truth was, they having ſav'd their Lives, were now at leiſure to think of the loſs of their Goods: And I know it was a heavy loſs to ſome, who loſt much; and yet a greater loſs to others, who loſt leſs: for they having but a little, loſt a great deal, that little being all they had. For my own part, I loſt more then I had, (for it caſt me in a Debt which I have not yet waded through.) But the Quantity of my loſs doth not ſo much trouble me as the Quality; for (beſides

ſides my Goods and whole Library; I loſt all my Sermons, Notes, Obſervations of ſome years travel abroad, things in themſelves of no value, nor much in my eſteem, yet they were the fruits of my (many years) labour and ſtudy, and might have been uſefull to me, both in my Miniſterial Function, and likewiſe in the ſecular and lay-part of my life. But it were a ſhame to name any loſs, when God ſo graciouſly gave us our life; and a ſin to murmure at any damage, when God ſo often and ſo miraculouſly ſnatch'd us out of the very jaws of Death. It ſeems to me to be like calling *Lazarus* out of the Grave. And doe we think *Lazarus*, when he was reſtored unto life, complain'd that his Winding-ſheet and Napkin were ſpoiled by lying four dayes in the Grave? or that he murmured that the Ointments and Spices were ſpent in vain at his Funeral? For ſure *Mary*, that had a Box of pretious Ointment for the burial of our Sa-

viour, would be at ſome coſt at the Funeral of her beloved Brother *Lazarus*. But theſe things are not to be thought upon, when our Life is given us. But we are ſo enamour'd on the World, that we cannot but look back upon things we love and loſe; and we would fain be comforted after our loſſes, as *Job* was, with twice as much as we had before. But then we muſt remember, it was at the latter end of *Job*, and before that time God may redouble theſe temporal bleſſings upon us.

The next day, being Tueſday, it blew very fair for *Norwey*, thither our Ship was bound; and about twelve of the clock at noon we came in the view of it. But *Norwey* being a ragged Coaſt, full of Rocks, and ſeeing we could not reach it whil'ſt it was day, and afraid to come upon it in the dark, we turn'd our Sails, and thought to have kept off the Coaſt till the morning, that the Sun might ſhew us the way thither. Which done,

done, we ſate down to meat, ſome of us having taken no ſuſtenance ſince we firſt came to Sea; and truly I eat an hearty meal, being the only meal I made in five dayes: and ſo we were all very well refreſhed and comforted. And now God thought it fit we ſhould ſuffer again. Had it pleaſed the Lord before this refreſhment to have brought us in ſome new diſtreſs, we certainly, being weak, had periſhed under the weight of it, and the very conceit of it would have kill'd us, and a little more ſorrow would have drown'd us without a wave. But God will lay no more upon his Children then they can bear.

About ten of the clock at night, when we had ſet our Watch, and pray'd with ſafe and ſecure thoughts, we laid our ſelves to reſt, ſome of us upon our Beds. But God had appointed an harder Lodging for us, ſuch as he provided for *Jacob* in his journey to *Padan-Aram*, when *he took of the ſtones of the place, & made him-*

ſelf a pillow, and lay down in that place to ſleep. For this our ſecond Ship with full Sails ran upon a Rock, and gave ſo great a crack, that it was able to awake the moſt dead-aſleep among us. I wondred, I confeſs, what the matter was; but the Mariners, knowing the danger better then my ſelf, cry'd out, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, with ſo dolefull a tone and accent, that, together with that hideous noiſe which both the Wind and Waves made in this their pitch'd Battel one againſt the other, it ſeem'd to me to be the very Image and Repreſentation of the Day of Judgement. I made what haſt I could out of my Cabin, but was the laſt that came upon the Deck; where meeting with our own Maſter, with both his hands upon his eyes, which yet could not ſtop that current of tears which ran down his cheeks, he bade me *pray for them, pray for them, for we ſhall certainly periſh.* I could believe no otherwiſe, being taught that Leſſon by our Maſter;

ſter; and therefore I fell preſently upon my knees, and was juſt in the condition of a Condemned Perſon, that expected the ſtroke of the Executioner: and having pray'd awhile, I wondred the Waves did not come to doe their office, for I forgave them with all my heart, having wholly reſigned up my ſelf to Death.

But ſo it pleaſed God, that the Ship with full Sails ſtruck it ſelf ſo faſt into the cleft of the Rock, or rather, as the Sea-men ſay, between two ſledges of Rocks, with her Bow over the main Rock, ſo that it ſtood as firm, I mean the former part of the Ship, as the Rock it ſelf. So I preſently roſe, and pull'd off my Coat, with an intention to caſt my ſelf into the Sea and ſwim thither; but was adviſed to the contrary by a preſent enſuing danger: for preſently there aroſe a high and mighty Wave, one of the chief Giants of the Sea, which firſt knock'd againſt our Ship, as if it would have call'd me forth,

and then with greater violence daſh'd againſt the Rock, and brake it ſelf in pieces; which did plainly repreſent unto me my future condition, and foretell my fortune, had I ventured to ſtride that great Leviathan, and endeavour'd to ſwim to the Rock.

But preſently our Ship, like Saint *Paul*'s Ship, brake in the hinder parts, and we were taught to eſcape our danger by our danger: for our Ship breaking in the Stern, we were forc'd to fly to the former part; and one of the Sea-men (the ſame that pull'd me up by the Rope) leap'd from the Bow of the Ship upon the Rock with a rope in his hand, which was faſtned to one of our Maſts, and held it with ſo ſtiff an hand, that another ſlipt down by it; and ſo all our own company, and ſome of the Danes (eight and twenty in number) came ſafe to the Rock that way.

All this while, being left alone upon the Deck, I began to wonder what became of my company, not then

then knowing that they had found any means of deliverance. But perceiving that they all crowded to the head of the ſhip, I went to ſee (God knows that was all my intention) what they did there, and ſo I came to the knowledge of their eſcape, and an opportunity of my own. For I found a *Dane* endevouring to ſlide down himſelf and a ſmall leather-trunk by that rope, who like a loving man took pity upon me, preſently whipt away his trunk, & bid me ſlide down there: but I return'd him his kindneſs, and deſir'd him to go down firſt, not ſo much out of complement, but that I might know how to ſlide down; for I ſaw none of them goe before me, and I did not know whether I ſhould goe with my head or heels foremoſt. I had no time to ask counſell, or make experiment, but preſently I got upon the rope with my heels foremoſt, and back uppermoſt. But the waves beat upon me, and the wind (which was high) blew

blew me round, and had almoſt made me let goe my hold: but I praiſe God I came ſafely to the ſide of the rock; and they cry'd, *off*, *off*; not out of unkindneſs to me (whom they knew not in the dark) but that I might make a ſpeedy way for another, which I quickly did: for having lai'd one hand upon the rock, I came off the rope, and ſo on all four climb'd up to the reſt of my company.

I was the laſt that came down the ſhip that way, for in that very moment the ſhip began to decline from us and give way; which the Maſter perceiving (who was ſtill aboard) made lamentable moan to us to help him, which we did with our utmoſt endeavours. But the ſhip brake, and ſunk immediately. There was this good man and four of the Mariners drown'd. I ſaw the Maſter with a light in his hand fall into the Sea, the ſaddeſt ſight I ever yet beheld in this world, and that which pierced my very ſoul, to ſee him that ſaved

our

our lives loſe his own. There was nothing ſo bitter to me in all my ſufferings at Sea as the loſs of this man: it raiſed ſuch a ſtorm and tempeſt in my affections, that I am not yet calm within. I never think of him, but I am caſt in a troubled ſea of ſorrow, and ſuffer ſhipwreck daily in my mind; for as he was a man of a meek and charitable diſpoſition unto all, ſo I found him kind unto my ſelf after a more ſpecial manner. How ſollicitous was he for us in our diſtreſs, and uſed all means, though it was to his own hindrance, to ſave us! and in all probability, had he not ſtai'd for us, he might have arrived at his own Harbour in ſafety. What ſhall we ſay? ſhall we *plead with the Almighty* with the Prophet *Jeremy?* No, it is better to crie out with S. *Paul, Oh the depth of the riches and wiſdome and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgments, and his waies paſt finding out? For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his*

coun-

counſellour? Rom. 11. 33,34,35. All that we can ſay is, that God ſometimes thus dealeth with his own children. Thoſe whom by his grace he hath made inſtruments of great good upon earth, he taketh unto himſelf, to make them highly bleſſed in heaven. Certainly the Spirit of God moved upon theſe waters, and call'd this good man, as Chriſt did S. *Peter* on the Sea of *Galilee*, to come to him, that for this high act of charity, he might receive him, and preſently crown him with glory.

Now were we upon the Rock, but knew not where; and ſome of the Company, before I came to them, had meaſur'd it round with their feet, and found it both a Rock and an Iſle, and, contrary to our hopes, inhabitable; ſo that we waited for the Morning-Star to draw the curtain of the night, and diſcover us firſt unto our ſelves (for as yet in the dark, we were as ignorant of our ſelves as of our ſad condition) and then to ſhew and diſcover

cover ſome coaſt or land to us, which we hoped we were near to. It was a long and a ſad night with me: a rock is an hard pillow to ſleep on; beſide I was thinly clad, having caſt off my coat when I intended to ſwim, and had no leiſure to put it on again; for I thought it beſt to leave that behind me, rather then my ſelf. We went from place to place, up and down I may truly ſay, for I had many a fall upon the ſlimy Rock: ſometimes we were up to the anckles in water, I cannot ſay overſhooes, for I had none; ſo that my feet were cut with the ſharp ſtones, as my body with the cold wind; ſo that I felt the very teeth of Winter bite quite through me: for Winter in that Countrey is an old man with a grey head, when it is but a child with us. At length we happen'd in an hole of the rock, which was a warm ſhelter to us againſt the wind. And now the long-expected Morning drew near, & we fain would have ſeen before we could. In that twilight,

twilight, every black cloud we diſcerned, we flatter'd our ſelves was land, and here it was, we ſaid, and there it was. But when the Sun aroſe, we ſaw it no where, onely we had a glimpſe of the Coaſt of *Norwey*, but it was at that diſtance, that we were not in any capacity to reach it, but with our deſires.

Truly when I roſe up and took a view of the Sea, and the place where I was, I was ſtruck down again with amazement to ſee ſo many hundreds of Rocks round about us, lying for the moſt part under water, which the Sea-men call *Breakers*, becauſe they break the Sea, and turn it into feathers. It was a great providence of God, that we ſhould in the night with full ſails paſs by all theſe rocks, (the leaſt touch againſt them had been as mortal to us as our ſins) and then to come to the great Rock, which was as a Church above water. I am ſure it was an *Aſylum* to us. The Countrey-people deſervedly call it

Arn-

Arn-Scare. It was the ſame hand again of Gods providence, that our ſhip ſhould be carried with a full ſtrong wind into the cleft and open part of the rock, which was as a boſome to receive us: had we touch'd upon any other part, we had been utterly loſt in the twinkling of an eye. *They that goe down to the Sea in ſhips, and occupy their buſineſs in great waters, Theſe ſee the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.* The Wonders of his Deliverances, as well as the Miracles of his Creation: neither are the Creatures more to be admired then his Mercies. There is as much wonder and variety in theſe as in the other. *Oh that we would praiſe God for his goodneſs, and the wonders he doth for the children of men.*

But now again were we loſt in the eye of man: all our hope was, that a ſhip might paſſe by to relieve us, which in my judgment was vanity of thoughts: for if a ſhip ſhould by accident

cident come by us in the day-time, they ſeeing the Rocks would be afraid to come at us; had it come in the night, it had certainly periſhed, as ours did. And yet we did *hope* even *againſt hope*. But having ſpent all that day with ſore eyes in expectation of an imaginary deliverance in looking for a ſhip (or rather caſtle in the aire) and ſeeing nothing come toward us, we began to deſpair, having now no kind of ſuſtenance to feed on, nor ſcarce clothes to keep us warm; ſo we again crept into an hole of the Rock, and lodged there rather then reſted the ſecond night.

In the morning we aroſe before the Sun, and ſtill we were looking for that which came not: and now we began to be an hungry; and ſome of our company went ſearching about the Rock, wiſhing (I ſuppoſe) thoſe ſtones were turned into bread. One of the Sea-boyes brought me a leaf of Scurvy-graſs, which I told him was *ſauce rather then meat*. Some of us

us went a fiſhing, but with no other Angle then a long arm, nor no other hook then a bent finger. They put their Arms into the Sea as far as they could, and drew up ſome ſmall Muſtles, which they eat heartily. I began to be very ſick in a feaveriſh diſtemper, and ſo had no ſtomach, which I think is a benefit when we have no meat to eat. But I did burn with thirſt, ſo that I would have given all that I had for a draught of freſh water. God oftentimes makes us know the worth of his creatures by the want of them: nothing ſo mean in our eſteem as a little water, we ſpill it every where upon the ground, and we look not after it any more; yet at this time a drop of cold water had been more welcome to me then the gold of *Ophir*, and in my eſteem a better creature. I went into the higheſt place of the rock, thinking the water (that ſtood every where in holes) might be freſheſt there: but I found it ſalt; ſo I perceive in ſome ſtorm

it bounded thither from the Sea. Though it was ſalt, yet it was water, and therefore (like one of thoſe that were choſen to fight againſt *Midian*) I lapped it with my hand to my mouth till I quench'd my thirſt. But it came up again as faſt as it went down, and brought a greater drought with it : and this I did very often, which I am perſwaded was both my preſent cure, and future preſervation of my health.

And now between ten and eleven of the Clock we ſaw a ſhip coming toward us with full ſails, which lifted up all our hearts with joy, gilded over our countenances with chearfulneſs, and ſo painted our faces with gladneſs that we ſeemed to be new creatures. The ſhip came nearer and nearer, and then we went all of us to the top of the rock, and waved our hats to ſhew our ſelves to the men of the ſhip. But I know not the cauſe, but they never came at us, neither did they ſend out their boat to know what

what we were, or our condition. Whether this unkindneſs proceeded from the fear of our dangerous rocks, or from their more ſtony hearts, harder then the rock we lay upon, I cannot ſay; but it put us out of charity with them, as they ſeemed to be with us. He was a *Dane*, of the ſame Countrey with our former kind loving Maſter; ſo that I perceive there may be ſeveral diſpoſitions under the ſame Climate, and one womb may bring forth twins of ſeveral natures: one was as ſmooth to us as *Jacob*, the other rough as *Eſau*. When we ſaw the ſhip paſs quite from us, our hearts began to fail, and our countenances changed into their former paleneſſe. How ſoon was our fair Morning clouded over, and our beautifull hopes turn'd into black deſpair? to teach us that man's happineſs is but for a moment, and the joy of this world but a ſpan long. And now we were all loſt, even in our own eyes; our condition, being ready to famiſh,

would not give us time to expect another ſhip, neither had we now faith enough to believe, ſhould there come one by chance, that the Mariners would venture their own lives to ſave ours.

So we betook our ſelves to our old remedy, φάρμακον καθολικὸν, *our praiers.* The *Danes* (I confeſs) firſt began their devotions, having ſung one of *Luther*'s Pſalms, fell to their praiers; and then we ſung one of our own Pſalms, and as long as I was able to ſpeak, I praied with the company; and after ſome Exhortation to my fellow-ſufferers, being very weak, I lai'd my ſelf down upon the rock, thinking I ſhould riſe no more in this world.

But I overheard one of the Seamen (the ſame that firſt leapt upon the rock) ſay, *Let us make a Raft, and venture to Sea, I had rather be drown'd, then lie here and be ſtarv'd.* They all preſently concluded to follow that deſign, though it was full of danger.

But

But, you know, a ſinking man will take hold of a bull-ruſh, and one that is ready to periſh will catch at a feather. All things fell out to further this deſign: for the water had now falne from the rock, and left on the ſide of it the Bottom of the Ship, the Anchors, the Maſt, the Sails lying on the Rock like linen upon an hedge. In a ſhort time they break a Maſt in pieces, untwiſted a Cable, made ſmall Cords, tied four or five Boards to the broken Maſt, put up the ſmall end of the Miſſen-maſt, cut out a ſmall Sail, with ſome ſlight Stern they had made, and ſo ventur'd to Sea on theſe ruins. God oftentimes ſaves by weak means, and preſerves us by improbabilities. There were four on this Raft, two *Danes*, and two *Engliſh*; I doe not remember whether it was by lot or voluntary election.

It was now a great calm, ſuch a calm I conceive as was upon the Sea of *Galilee* when our Saviour rebuked

the Sea and the Winds. It blew onely a ſmall breath, which was our advantage, for it directly carried them toward that place we conceived the Coaſt lay. It was the miraculous goodneſs of God, that after the loſs of two great Ships, he ſhould ſave us by a ſwimming Plank: for this Raft paſt through, and got clear of all the Breakers: had it touch'd onely on them, they would have rent the Raft in pieces, as *Sampſon* did the Wreath when the *Philiſtines* were upon him; but they paſs'd by them all, and we that were upon the Rock followed them with our eyes as long as we could ſee, or rather as long as they could be ſeen: for our life was wrapt up in theirs, and our deliverance had no other foundation but their ſafety.

And now I may ſay, God ſtretched forth his hand as Chriſt did to S. *Peter* when he was ready to ſink, and ſaved theſe men, and brought them to ſhore; which yet we were ignorant of, and ſo pull'd in pieces between two

ſeveral

ſeveral paſſions, Hope and Fear, and both of them equally troubleſome; as we ſee in an Ague, which hath two ſeveral operations, contrary in themſelves as Hot and Cold, yet both of them alike afflictive. Our Hope being with that violence of paſſion, was as wounding to our affections as our Fear.

But theſe fits were ſoon over, for before night we ſpi'd ſeveral Shawls rowing toward us, which gave us a certain knowledge of the ſafety of our men, and a promiſe of our own deliverance: they brought with them proviſion; but we were more greedy of the ſhore then our meat, and therefore we made haſt into the Boats, and by Gods goodneſs unto us, we came all of us once more to land.

The place that we arrived at was an Iſland in *Norwey*, call'd by the people *Waller Iſland*; ſo mean and inconſiderable, that *Ortelius* takes no notice of it in his Maps, for I have ſearch'd with better eyes then

mine own, I mean more knowing in Geography, and could not find it. A place it ſeems not worthy to be remembred, but I am ſure never to be forgotten by us. Though it was a Wilderneſs in its own nature, yet it was a Paradiſe to us.

There was but one houſe where we landed, and that was the Parſon's, an honeſt *Lutheran*, who had many in his family. *They ſhewed us*, as S. *Paul* ſaies, *no little kindneſs*; the language the ſpake was *Noſs*. But I think it is not much unlike *Dutch*, for we that ſpake *Dutch* did partly underſtand them, and they us, and yet two ſeverall kinds of ſpeech. I ſuppoſe there is the ſame difference between theſe two languages, as there is between a Lobſter and a Creifiſh, (which both are in plenty there) for though they both are alike, yet they are two ſeverall *Species*.

We made a ſhift to tell the ſad Iliads of our misfortune to the people of the houſe, and they made a ſhift to under-

underſtand us, for they wept moſt bitterly at our relation; ſo that one would have thought that they had ſuffered Shipwreck, and not we. Which ſhew'd the goodneſs and tenderneſs of their nature, which are *principia gratiæ*, the very *beginnings of grace*; or elſe I may ſafely ſay, they are *the firſt diſpoſitions*, or at leaſt *capacities of grace*.

They ſet before us what meat they had; and the Mariners fell to it ſo heartily, as if they would have repaired all they loſt before by their long faſting at one meal. Their ordinary Bread was Rye-Pancakes, but their Beer very ſtrong. I thought of that Engliſh Proverb, *A Cup of good Beer is Meat, Drink, and Clothing.* Sure theſe people thought ſo; for though at that cold ſeaſon ſome of the people had no ſtockins nor ſhoes to their feet, yet they kept their Underſtanding warm, and their Mouths well lin'd with *Lubeck* beer.

I loſt my ſtomack, not with eating, but

but long fasting, and so went sick to Bed; in the morning I found my self well, I praise God. And we began now to examine our selves, and one another, what Monies our double Shipwreck had left us; all that we had, we freely laid down: but there was an *Ananias* amongst us, who, we suspected, would conceal some part; and therefore we search'd him, and found no less then four and twenty Pieces of Eight, which certainly this man stole out of our Bags when we were in the Boat, after our first Shipwreck, at that present time when we expected every moment we should be cast away. Did this man think that S. *Peter* would not let him into Heaven without his *Peters* pence? or that he should go the other way, and must pay *Charon naulum suum?* It was a sad thing for a man to steal *in articulo mortis*, *at the point of death*: But it was well for us; for we lost all our Monies in the second Shipwreck, but what this man stole from us.

us. There are ſome Divines that ſay, Sin is committed *ordinante Deo*; but the Antients are wont to ſay, *Deo permittente*, which is a more modeſt and civil expreſſion. I will not diſpute the queſtion here: but I believe, if God did ever ordain Sin, it was in this man's ſtealing; for this Money was our relief in our neceſſitous condition.

We ſtai'd in this Iſland till Sunday: in the morning we went to hear our Landlord preach; after Sermon he gave us *Cœna dubia*, *a doubtfull Dinner*, full of variety in one Diſh, as Beef, Mutton, Lard, Goat, Roots, and many of God's Creatures, ſo that it ſeem'd to me to be the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis* in a Diſh: but ſo confounded, that the beſt palate could not reade what he eat, nor by his taſt know and diſtinguiſh the Creatures. Though God hath given all his Creatures for the uſe of man, ſo that we may doe what we pleaſe with them: yet I think it is not handſome with

our

our grand *Meſle's* and *Ollapodrida's* to confound and undoe the Creation, cook it into a new Chaos, and ſawce God's Creatures out of our knowledge. I love to know what I eat, that I may praiſe God for the variety of his Bleſſings. But truly I doe not blame the people of this place; for I think it is not Curioſity here, but Cuſtome, and good Husbandry rather then Luxurioufneſs.

After much thanks and a little money, we parted with this good old Prieſt; and having purchas'd an old pair of Shoes at the price of a new, we travelled to *Fredericſtat*, a City in *Norwey* by the Coaſt ſide, and were very kindly entertain'd by the Burgomaſter. The chief of his diſcourſe to me was in commendation of the late Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, whom he call'd *Excellentiſsimum Dominum*. I wonder how he came to know him. But ſure, thought I, if he be thus charitable to ſpeak well of the Dead, who could not hear him, he will be boun-

bountifull to the Living, who are ready to thank him even before-hand. And truly he was very kinde to us, for he commanded ſome of the City to entertain us civilly, and provided us Ships both for *Holland* and *England*, with the promiſe of ſome Proviſion at his own charge.

I remember how the People ran after us in the ſtreets; and what their Compaſſionate Eye ſaw we wanted, their Charitable Hand was ready to give without asking. A good old man beſtowed on me an excellent pair of Mittens, which I brought into *England*. We found much civility every where: though the Countrey is all rocky, yet the Peoples hearts are tender; God made them *è meliore luto*, *out of a better ſoil* then their own Country.

But to make haſt out of my Story, as well as out of *Norwey*. We went away from *Fredericſtat* three or four miles to *Oſterſound*, the Haven where our Ships lay, having laid into the Ship,

Ship, that was bound for *England*, ſome ſmall Proviſion, as much as our Stock could pay for, yet not ſo much as our Neceſſity required: for had not God bleſſed us with a favourable wind, we certainly had wanted much. But we, with all that was left us, which was now nothing but our ſelves, entred into the Ship in the evening. In the morning, before we went out, there came a ſhip from *Lyn* in *Norfolk*, ſtruck againſt our harbour, which was naturally wall'd about with rocks, and ſo periſhed immediately. This was a ſad Omen, and it ſeem'd to me as a Prologue to a new Tragedy.

We had not been above two or three hours at Sea, but there was a ſad diſtraction amongſt us in the Ship, and the Mariners crying again for *Mercy*, *Mercy*: For we had almoſt fell foul on a Rock, which lay ſo cunningly in the Water, that we did not ſpy it till we were upon it: but by the goodneſs of God, we ſail'd cloſe

by

by it, and eſcap'd it; the leaſt touch of it had been our ruine. Thus God oftentimes doth bring his Children as near the mouth of danger as may be, but he lets them not fall therein, that they may both fear and praiſe his Name.

About noon we came clear off all the rocks on the Coaſt of *Norwey*, and were ſailing for *England* with a fair gale of winde. But in this Proſperity another ſad Accident befell us: This third Ship ſprang a leak, a new one I cannot ſay, but rather repeated an old one, and ſo our Ship began to ſwim within as well as without, and we had no way to relieve our ſelves (for the Leak could not be found) but by pumping; which we did day and night, and ſo took revenge of the Sea, by ſpitting that Water back again in its Face, as faſt as it came into our Ship. But now again we were in a ſad and deplorable condition, being in danger to be drown'd from the Spring that roſe within

within us, and to ſuffer an Inteſtine Shipwreck, which, like a Civil War, is moſt dangerous. We had our life now at our fingers ends; and if we had not lifted up our hands to pump, as *Moſes* did to pray, theſe *Amalekites* had prevail'd; I mean, theſe mercileſs Waves had overcome us. Good God! in what, and how many ſtraights haſt thou brought us? Our ſins are many, as the waves of the Sea; and ſo haſt thou, O Lord, made our puniſhments

For now we were, as I conceive, in a worſe condition then ever before: for though our Dangers were great, or rather greater, yet they came upon us ſo on a ſudden, that we underſtood them not. That Danger is leſs afflictive which we leſs underſtand; and that Miſery we apprehend not, is none at all, or at leaſt none of our own. But now we ſee Death before our eyes, and are in expectation to periſh every moment; ſo that we may ſay with S. *Paul*, *We die daily*. We were

were in the condition of him that ſees himſelf bleed to death. In our former Dangers we had like to periſh ſuddenly, which had been leſs penal to our affections: we were now to dye at leiſure, and to be drown'd with premeditation; which is more afflictive to our Thoughts, though a leſs puniſhment for our Sins. *Melius eſt perire ſemel, quàm timere ſemper:* the fear of Death is more dreadfull then Death it ſelf; and it is better once to dye, then to be alwayes dying.

With theſe fears about us, and black apprehenſions, we ſail'd on ſtill with a fair wind; and after four or five dayes and nights ſail, ſo it pleaſed God, we came in the view of the Engliſh Coaſt on *Norfolk* ſide, near *Winterton*; where we ſaw the ruins of a Shipwreck, and the Countrey people enriching themſelves with the loſſes of other men, the worſt way of getting in the world. This was the Epilogue to our Tragedy, yet we had one Scene of Sorrow more: For

when we came near *Yarmouth* road, on our left hand lay the Shingles, on our right the Shore; and we could not agree amongſt our ſelves on which ſide we ſhould go. Our two Maſters and two Pilots (for ſo many we had in one Ship) like four winds blew contrary wayes. In this conteſt they made a fearfull noiſe and quarrel; their language was as foul as the weather, and as high as the wind, and brought us in as great danger (as our own Maſter told me) as ever.

I think Monarchy is the beſt Government in a Ship, as well as in the State. Many Pilots with their overwiſedomneſs are oftentimes the ruine both of themſelves and their Veſſel.

At length we did agree, and ordered one of our own company (a *Shotley* man) who beſt knew the Coaſt, to ſit at Stern: But this crazy and ill-built Ship, though ſhe was ſteered one way, flew another, as if all things had conſpired to our ruine.

We

We reſolv'd to ſail by the ſhore ſide, that in caſe our Ship ſhould miſcarry, we might ſwim to land. Theſe were but ſad hopes: But it pleaſed God, we came ſafe into *Yarmouth* road; and having caſt our Anchor, thought our ſelves ſecure. But our Anchor came home to us again; and the wind, which was very high, had like to have driven us on a Scotch-man. They cry'd out, and ſo did we; for they could not be more afraid of us then we were of our ſelves; for had we boarded them, we certainly had endangered both our Ships. But that God that had begun and gone along with us in ſuch viſible characters of his extraordinary mercy, would not now leave us at the laſt, but did perfect our deliverance: For our Anchor held, and we rode very ſecure that night. The next morning we hung out a Weaf, and there came four Men in a Shallop from *Yarmouth*, and demanded no leſs then thirty ſhillings to carry me, a ſingle

perſon, to ſhore, when our whole Stock was but two Pieces of Eight. Though I did long for land, yet I could not purchaſe it at ſuch a rate: But at length they were content to take leſs, becauſe they could get no more; and took ſomething, rather then to turn back with nothing.

But they had no ſooner got me in the Boat, but they row'd me up and down to weigh Anchors; for there had been a great Storm the night before, and many Ships had broke their Cables, and were driven away by the Tempeſt. They tryed at ſeveral Anchors, not without great danger, as I conceived; but finding themſelves not ſtrong enough, they at length brought me to the Shore, which was no landing place: but four men, which ſtood waiting for us on the Shore, ran into the Sea up to the middles, laid hands on our Boat, and ſo ran it on the Sands, and tumbled us over and over; ſo that I cannot ſay whether I ſet my head or foot firſt on

the ſhore. After this manner ſure *Jonah* was caſt upon dry land, when the Whale vomited him up; I ſuppoſe that great Leviathan did not caſt him upon his legs: But a man that had made ſuch a trade of ſuffering at Sea as we did, and after ſo long a ſucceſſion of evil, would be glad to be caſt on dry land in any poſture.

From the ſhore I went into *Yarmouth* Town, with a company of people following at my heels, wondring at me, as if I had been ſome ſtrange Creature come out of *America*, though they knew none of my ſufferings, but ſaw me in a ſad, ragged, weather-beaten condition. I preſently got into an Inne, to hide my ſelf from the wonder of the People, and from the trouble of their impertinent queſtions; but chiefly, that I might praiſe God in private for his great and many deliverances. I cannot chuſe but tell you ſo much, leſt I ſhould ſeem ingratefull to my gratious God: but I will ſay no more,

leſt I may ſeem vain-glorious to my Friend. Therefore I will conceal from you my particular devotions: *Non eſt religio ubi omnia patent*, I learn'd it from the door of a Capuchin's Convent.

The Sign of the Inne was the Arms of *Yarmouth*; the Man, I ſuppoſe the Hoſt of the houſe, was as kinde to me as S. *Paul*'s Hoſt *Gaius* was to him. And here I muſt not forget the kindneſs of a true Friend indeed, a good Samaritan, who had compaſſion on me, bound up my Wounds, pouring in Oil and Wine, and ſet me on his own Beaſt, brought me to his own Houſe, and had a care of me; and, which I took moſt kindly, he beſtowed on my ſufferings *Nazianzen*'s charity, a tear of compaſſion [*Si nihil habes, da lacrumulam*, Orat. 16.] God I hope will return this kindneſs to him, in bleſſings upon him, and his dear Wife and Children. By the kindneſs of this Gentleman I was recruited with all manner of comforts; and

and now behold another Shipwreck, not of my goods, but good name. Some there were, when they heard of the Monſter of my ſufferings, were affrighted out of their Wits, I ſuppoſe, as well as out of their Charity, and concluded I was a Malignant. Thus God is pleas'd to aſſimilate my ſufferings to S. *Paul*'s in ſome meaſure, (the latchet of whoſe ſhoe I am not worthy to untie) who when he had eſcaped the danger of the Sea, was ſtung by a Viper as ſoon as he came to Shore. Suppoſe I ſhould ſay I doe ſerve my God that way which the World cals Malignancy, am I ſuch an one, becauſe the People ſay it? or was S. *Paul* an Heretick, becauſe the World thought him ſo? I doe not care what the Many ſay of me, *Bellua multorum capitum, a Beaſt of many heads, ſed nullius ingenii, but of no underſtanding.* Thus the People cenſur'd *John* the Baptiſt, the Morning-ſtar of the Goſpel; and likewiſe our Bleſſed Saviour himſelf, that

Glorious Sun of Righteouſneſs, or as S. *Luke* cals him, *the Day that ſprings from on high*; although their deportment in the World was different, walking under ſeveral Schemes, and living after ſeveral and contrary Faſhions. For, *John the Baptiſt came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye ſay, He hath a Devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking, and ye ſay, Behold a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber, and a friend of Publicans and Sinners*, Luk. 1. 33. Thus the People are never pleas'd, neither full nor faſting. Neither the auſterity of S. *John*'s life, nor the ſweetneſs and familiarity of our Saviour's converſation could content the People.

But you are a knowing Perſon, and one whoſe good opinion I eſteem; I have therefore, here encloſed, ſent you better words of me, drawn by the Company of *Dantzick*, and ſent to the Eaſt-land Company here in *London*, for whoſe ſake I have ſuffered theſe adverſe things, and am content

to

to run them over again to doe them ſervice, ſuch an affection I doe, and ſhall ever bear to their merit.

Thus I have given your earneſt requeſt the ſad ſtory of my ſuffering in my Eaſt-land voyage. What I have related, my unhappy experience hath found it too true; yet I cannot tell you all, for there were many dangers which I underſtood not. It was my chance, a year after our arrivall in *England*, to meet with one of my fellow-ſufferers, (the ſame man that drew me out of the Sea:)he preſently began to repeat our ſhipwrecks (for men that have ſuffered together love to talk of their dangers paſt, and bemoan one another) he made mention of ſeveral ſtraights, extremities, dangers, deaths that we were in, which I doe not remember; ſo that from his mouth, this Story ſeem'd to be ſo prodigious a Romance, that few but thoſe that felt it would believe. But I have not told you in this relation what others ſay, but what I my ſelf have

have ſuffered; and though I was loth to begin, I am now as unwilling to make an end --*Omnibus hoc vitium*-- And therefore I ſhall tell you what further adverſity I have ſuffer'd by this barbarous Element of water.

I will not tell you of my venture over the Bars in fowl weather to the *Min* at *Dantzick* in the Baltick Seas, for that it may be was our fear, and not danger: neither will I ſpeak of my paſſage from *Groningen* to *Amſterdam*, when our ſhip ſtruck againſt the ſands; for there was danger and no fear; for the ſhip got off as ſoon as we knew it was on. But I will acquaint you with what happened to me upon the River *Loire* in *France*, at *Orleans*.

I was adviſed by a French Gentleman, that had formerly travell'd with my Noble Lord the preſent Earl of *Weſtmorland*, not to ſhoot the Bridge at *Bogency*; for the bridge is made, not with a direct line over the river, but ſomething obliquely, and ſo oftentimes

tentimes dangerous to paſſengers. When we came near the Bridge, I would have bribed the Batelier with a *quart d' Eſcu*, to have ſet my ſelf and two of my company aſhore this ſide the bridge, and to have taken us in on the other ſide. But the reſt of the Company were unwilling to be hinder'd in their paſſage, and we were almoſt as contented to venture. But this thin Deal-boat (which boats are made on purpoſe to ſwim down the River to *Nants*, and return no more) came with a ſwift ſtream toward a corner of one of the Arches of the Bridge, which the Batelier ſeeing, cry'd, *Nous ſommes perdus, we are all loſt.* He did ſtrive by putting his Rudder againſt the bridge to keep off the Blow, but brought it upon himſelf; for it beat him all along, and ſtruck off one board of our boat, that we ſwame almoſt equall with the ſtream, and the water look'd in upon us: one touch more would have daſh'd our boat in pieces, and ſo we

we had been all drown'd in wholeſale; for there was no ſwimming out of a croud, when our arms were pinion'd together with ſitting cloſe to one another. But by the goodneſs of God we got through the Arch, and came ſafe to ſhore.

There came preſently to me two Cordelier Friers, which were our fellow-Paſſengers: the one bade me *thank him, for he made the biggeſt Croſs*; the other told me *I muſt thank him, for he prayed unto the Bleſſed Virgin for us.* I doe remember indeed, when we were in our greateſt danger, theſe Friers being ſtruck with fear (which oftentimes kills before death) fell down in the midſt of the boat; one of them meaſur'd himſelf with his finger, or, as he ſaith, croſs'd himſelf; the other pull'd out a ſmall Image, I ſuppoſe of wood, about the bigneſs of my great toe, and it ſeem'd to me not much unlike. To this he ſaid ſomething, which I believe it did not hear, no more then

we.

we. I thanked them both, one for his civil ignorance, and the other for his religious folly. I confeſs in ſo ſad and ſerious a matter as drowning, I doe not love ſuch puppet piety, ſuch mechanick and handicraft devotion; my thanks muſt be addreſſed to God, the author and fountain of our deliverance, after a more ſpirituall manner.

After this the ſame year it was my buſineſſe to return into *England*. I came to *Calais* the day after the Pacquet-boat was gone: being weary of a chargeable Town, and burning with a deſire of ſeeing my own Countrey again, having taken advice by a Merchant, I ventur'd to Sea in a Shallop, which the tide before came from *Dover*, and brought three Almains ſafe to *Calais* without any danger. The example of their ſafe arrival was a ſufficient argument to perſwade me to venture from thence to *Dover*. So at four of the clock in the morning with the tide we went to Sea; but had

had not gone half a league, but there aroſe a great and mighty wind, which did blow, not onely our Candle, but our Lanthorn out, I mean out of the boat, ſo that we were fain to let our boat drive till it was day-light.

I offered the Sea-men their fare to carry us back again to *Calais*, which they did endeavour, but could not, the wind was ſo ſtrong; yet as fair a wind as could blow out of the skie to carry us to *Dover*; but we had too much of it. The ſurfet of good things is as great an evil as the want of them, and a man may be too well ſometimes. How did *Neptune* play at Tennis with us poor mortals, and how like Balls were we bandied up and down by his furious waves? Sometimes, as the Pſalmiſt ſaies, *they mounted us up to heaven*, as if they would have ſhewn us *Lazarus* in the boſome of *Abraham*. Sometimes they carri'd us *down in the deep*, as if we had been ſent with more then a drop of water to cool the tongue of

of *Dives*. By and by there aroſe a great wind, which with the firſt blaſt ſplit our ſail in pieces; ſo that we were forc'd to uſe our great ſaile, which was too big for the wind, as the wind was for it, and therefore we made uſe but of one half; the other lying on the ſide of the boat made it run ſo much on that ſide, that I expected every moment it ſhould topple over. We could not goe backward, and we were afraid to goe forward. I lai'd my ſelf down in the boat from the view of theſe threatning waves (as a dying man is not willing to look the Executioner in the face) expecting every moment to be ſwallow'd by thoſe roaring Lions of the Sea, who came upon us with open mouths, ready to devour us. But God ſtopped the mouthes of thoſe Lions, that they ſhould not hurt us; & our ſmall Veſſel rode in ſafety and triumph upon the head of the proudeſt wave. We could not ſay to the Pilot, as the Emperour did, *Cæſarem vehis &*—

but

but there was in our boat a noble Gentleman, both by birth and vertue (the beſt and trueſt nobility) and likewiſe another civil perſon. Theſe Gentlemen had ſo much worth and merit in them, that they ſhould not need fear the threatning of an inſolent wave, but might boldly ſay unto the Sea, *Sea, doe thy worſt.* But I'le rather impute all to the goodneſs of God, in whoſe hands we were, and therefore could not miſcarry.

By and by a wave took us up, and ſhew'd us *England.* But it was with us as it was with *Moſes*, we might from this watrie *Piſgah* and mountain of the Sea behold the Land with our eyes, which yet we muſt not reach with our feet. One of theſe Gentlemen call'd to me to riſe, ſaying I might ſee *Dover* Caſtle: but I thought it of no concernment to me, and therefore lay ſtill, but wiſhing that we were all Priſoners there; and ſo I ſaid, little thinking that within few daies after I ſhould be apprehended

hended and accuſed for taking *Dover* Caſtle, and kept ſome months a cloſe Priſoner in *Kent*. God knows I would have taken it with all my heart, but for a refuge onely; not as a Souldier takes the fort of his enemy, but as a poor weather-beaten traveller takes the houſe of his friend as a ſhelter. The ſtorm continued ſtill, and the wind blew very high, which though it put us in great danger, yet being fair for us, blew us the ſooner out of it.

For now we came near *Dover*, and therefore I deſir'd my friend to lie off my legs, for now I thought I ſhould have ſome uſe of them my ſelf; which he did, and I roſe up and ſaw a world of people ſtanding upon the Pere at *Dover*, holding up their hands, not onely in admiration of our dangers, but in zeal and devotion for our deliverance. They directed us with their hands which way we had beſt enter into *Dover*, and ſo with a freſh gale of Gods mercy, as well as with a

fair blaſt of wind, with full ſails, we, not without ſome danger in hitting the Pere, ran a-ſhore.

What happen'd to me afterward on Land, I thought once to tell you, for I met with many ſtorms on the ſhore,

Plus habet infeſtâ terra timoris aquâ.

But I will conceal them from my friends, for in this ſad Age every man hath ſorrow enough of his own, and is not at leiſure to conſider the ſad condition of another from bemoaning and pitying himſelf. I will therefore conclude, giving glory to God for his many mercies, and my thanks to you for giving me an opportunity to remember them.

I hope you will pardon my plain language; Sorrow is dull, and black and ſad ſtories ought not to be preſented in painted words and gaudy Expreſſions of Rhetorick. No man mourns in colour'd Taffaty. What is wanting in Allegories, you have in reality:

reality: Truth needs no Metaphors. You have a true relation of many ſad accidents and afflictions at Sea, by him who did undergoe them, who is,

SIR,

Your moſt affectionate friend to ſerve you,

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

Right Worſhipfull,

IN *Ours of the* 28th *of* Auguſt, *we gave you notice that in our deſtitute Condition, it pleaſed God by his ſingular Providence to ſupply our ſpiritual wants by the Miniſtry of Mr* William Johnſon, *an able and pious Divine. But he being now called home, by a Charge fallen unto him, We cannot ſuffer him to paſs without this deſerved Teſtimony: That for his Perſon, He hath been amongſt us grave, retired, Learned; in his life, without blame or ſcandal; in his ſtudies, laborious; in his preaching, both Orthodox and powerful: So that truely, in regard of the ſingular fruition of his Labours paſt, and conſidering our deſolate enſuing Condition, We cannot but mourn at his departure. Yet hath he left us this Comfort behind him, That the preſent diſtractions at home, may be a motive to diſpoſe of his living there,*

there, and to return to us again in the Spring, if it pleaſe God that he be thereunto lawfully choſen and called. Unto us he is a man without Exception, which we teſtify by this our general Subſcription. It may pleaſe you therefore, and it is our ſerious and earneſt requeſt, that, if his Occaſions will ſuit with our deſires, you will hear him preach, and by an undoubted Election return him back again with all ſpeed. And this will be an actual prayer to implore Divine mercy, and to turn curſes into bleſſings. We ſay no more, but the Lord be your Protector & Director.

Dantzig, Jan. 1. 1648. Your Worſhips in full aſſurance to command,

Will. Gore.	*Will. Shires.*	*Ed. Daniel.*
Rich. Jenks.	*Ja. Hutchinſon.*	*Joſ. Oley.*
Sam. Travell.	*Jo. Cooxin.*	*Nic. Mitchell.*
Robert Searles.	*Rich. Wayne.*	*Tho. Clench.*
Ed. Weſtcomb.	*Ambroſe Griggs.*	*Tho. Dawſon.*
Sam. Short.	*Geo. Hackett.*	*Will. Lockwood.*
John Collins.	*Fran. Sanderſon.*	*Jo. Whitehall.*
Rich. Wallis.	*Amb. Medcalfe.*	*Jo. Pearce.*
Wil. Williamſon.	*And. Taylor.*	

BODL

Mary Wilson